THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

ALEXANDRE SAKHAROFF

A striking study of the Russian dancer as Louis XIV in "Au Temps du Grand Siecle." This unusual artist, whose originally conceived dances portray a "state of mind" rather than an emotion, has been the rage of Paris for the past year and is expected to return again to this country, where he has already appeared but passed comparatively unnoticed for want of publicity. Sakharoff is especially noted for his brilliant costumes, designed by himself

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

Editorial

Enter A New Season

IT is nearly here. And to judge by the jingling of bells and the triple huzzas of every press department in town no crepe hangs on the manifold managerial doors of Broadway. Wall Street may have its crashes, nations plunge into hopeless *moratoria,* millionaires wake up with sixteen dollars in their jerkins, but Forty-second Street holds out. No financial dent caused by last season's dire slump has caused an abridgment of production plans and the season now faced promises to be as filled with plums as a Xmas pudding. Plums, that is, for the public. It remains to be seen whether the producer is to have his share of them or not. The play-goer is to be regaled by Europe's and America's latest and best.

Not in years have plans as forecast elsewhere in THEATRE MAGAZINE called for so downright thrilling a theatrical year as we may look forward to. The manager plans doing his noblest for sweet art's sake. Whether the reward is to be concomitant to his pains we shall soon learn. But we venture to predict that, on the whole, the producers will be paid for their effort exactly what that effort is worth. Good times in the theatre run for the most part rather independently of good times elsewhere. The rules of business are not the rules of the theatre. In fact there is no rule in the theatre. Using the words "good" and "bad" in their academic rather than popular significance, a good play may fail and a bad one run a year. The theatre is a place *sans* rules, *sans* statistics, save one. And that is that given a play badly prepared and one well prepared, the latter, regardless of intrinsic worth, is infinitely more likely to "catch on."

It is rather mystifying that men trained in the art of creating entertainment for the public should continue to hurl onto the boards with a speed that is dizzying productions that from the very nature of their preparation cannot be entertainment. Haste in the theatre, as elsewhere, can be productive of no more than sketchy results, and in the event of the success of such results the manager responsible is due for congratulations, not on his wisdom, but on his luck. It is a luck for the most part that he doesn't deserve, and if he heeded the one vital statistic of New York's theatre he would not run quite so desperate a risk of not having it at all.

AS plays are "put on" nowadays it ordinarily takes three weeks to put a new play through the paces of production. That includes the time in which the players have to acquire their lines, the director to teach them their "business," the scenic artist to turn the stage from an empty hall of bricks and ropes into a living world. Through all of this time changes are being made—changes in the script of the play, in the cast, in the scenes—whole upheavals occur—but still time marches on, the fatal three weeks for which the producer can have the players' rehearsal time without expense to him, and the night of the first opening draws resolutely near. The first viewing is usually out of town and scheduled enough days ahead of the opening on Broadway to permit of imperative last-minute alterations for the purpose of "building up." Building up! The phrase is usually a mockery. Without a foundation there can be no building up and in nine cases of ten the preparation prior to the inauguration of the three weeks of actual rehearsal is so hopelessly inadequate as to make those three weeks a riot of confusion and uncertainty. Casts are picked in desultory, inefficient style, the script is ignored by producer and director alike until the time when the lines are actually being spoken by players, and the settings are then hurled on, hit or miss, in a way which for casualness is without equal. That there are any results at all is a miracle and a credit more usually to the harassed actors than anyone else. Theirs is the principal strain of the first night, theirs the extraordinary effort on their own resources which at times pulls what the night before appeared to be a hopeless confusion into a condition of seeming orderliness and achievement.

THE records of the theatre show that care in production does one of two things. It tends, as in the case of almost all Belasco productions, to success, even in the case of comparatively poor plays, or to making manifest to the producer and those about him that the venture is not worth spending more money on. The waste in the American theatre is stupendous. Thousands of dollars are lost annually on productions, notably of farces and muscial comedy, that the veriest tyro in the show business could have stamped a failure. But once under way, under the usual system employed, the very haste and confusion which attends the undertaking creates an inertia which carries the thing willy-nilly to Broadway and the jaundiced eyes of unhappy first-nighters.

It is bromidic on Broadway that there is no bad season for a really good play. Broadway always has and always will appreciate the best. The best is not the shoddy, the incompetent, or the incomplete. Shakespeare badly produced is anathema and there is no reason why the products of lesser dramatic genius should be called upon to bear the brunt of wretched production. Money spent on production, important names in the cast, and scenery designed by as good artists as can be found, do not necessarily go to make what can be called a good production. Time and thought and conscientious handling are partners which more frequently called in to assistance of a theatrical manager would make a far more steady and reliable contribution to the possibility of ultimate success.

Theatre-lovers will be especially struck with the marked preponderance of foreign plays scheduled for presentation. The work of native authors looms as insignificant against the field of dramatic output from abroad that Broadway will have its opportunity to pass judgment on. It is not surprising that producers should so unanimously recourse to trans-oceanic sources. The native love for novelty, as only the foreigner seems able to provide it, and the dearth of domestic scripts of value has made that action imperative. But more than ever with the foreign play will the native manager find extreme care in the matter of preparation productive of results. Shoddy translations and adaptations, inaccurate grasp of the meaning and spirit of the original, and hasty "putting on" will soon make it apparent that the foreign play's American buyer had just as well have stayed at home and thrown away his money on an American play.

Care pays. That is the *one* statistic of the stage. It is as true in the case of an actor's personal preparation of his part as in the producer's preparation of his play. It is always there—ready at hand—for those who wish to use it. And the more we see of it during the coming season the more fruitful of fine things and big winnings that season is going to be.

White

Here they come! Hundreds of them—and every one a captivating reason for New York's having the finest revues on earth

Abbe

The piquant Marjorie Peterson, who dances in the Greenwich Village Follies

White

Mary Lewis in one of the gorgeous lace costumes in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1922

Apeda

Margaret Petit in the charming Degas Ballet of the Pin Wheel Revue

Victor Georg

The ravishing radium ballet of the Ziegfeld Follies—costumes of a myriad shades which emanate their own mysterious, lovely light on a pitch black stage

WHY NEW YORK IS A SUMMER RESORT

Girls, Costumes and Ballets—All Perfect—Form the Special Allure of the Season's Revues

Photography by Weston & Mather

THE CYPRESS GROVE

A captivating out-door study of three Marion Morgan dancers. This unusually capable organization is presently engaged in bringing its classic art to the Keith chain of vaudeville theatres

Duse Breaks Her Silence

The Great Italian Tragedienne Discusses Her Coming American Tour

By ALICE ROHE

THE unattainable is often a goal well worth while our endeavors.

For—here we sat talking—Eleanora Duse, the uninterviewable, and I, in a room overlooking the blue sea at Livorno.

The unattainable had been attained!

"Really," she was saying, "you Americans do rush so. You seem to get what you want while we are making up our mind whether to give it to you or not. You know I have always refused to be interviewed."

There is something so compelling of respect and reverence in the personality of Eleanora Duse, such dignity and nobility of character, that one bows instinctively before a great soul.

With all the human quality, the sympathy and understanding which illuminates her tragic face, one feels inspired with the desire to say only kind and considerate things.

The first impression of personal contact with this great Italian artist is a sense of her fineness of character, superfine after the crucible of sorrow.

And now the eloquent face was turned toward me with wondering interest.

"But" I began a bit hesitating, "you are planning to go to America. When in America, do as the Americans do—why not begin now just for practice?"

DUSE'S EYES TURN WEST

THE great brown eyes of Duse, eyes that to me are the saddest in the world, lightened with a smile. The tragic lines of the sensitive mouth lifted and Duse laughed.

"Do you know," she said, "I can't get used to your way of doing things—always in a hurry. I am sure you will want me to discuss everything from the evolution of Art to the international situation before you catch the train back to Florence. It is extraordinary. Only a short time ago an American came up to Trieste to see me and expected to settle contracts and all my business affairs for an American tour in an hour and a half. How can one do things well without taking plenty of time? You hurry so it confuses me."

"But after all," I asked, "which do you think is the most effective national slogan, the Italian "Pazienza," or the American "Step Lively?"

Her reply was politely analytical and a bit evasive.

"I love America and American progress—I often think that Americans must have a great power of intuition. They don't seem to reflect but they act. They are always dashing ahead toward their goal. Yes"—she smiled across at me—"they do arrive, I will confess."

The conversation had begun with a lightness which I, at least, did not feel. The opportunity of sitting face to face with the great Duse, supreme actress of modern times, a woman who has insistently refused all interviews and who has fled from publicity with genuine aversion, ever since the unhappy circumstances of her retirement from the stage, filled me with real emotion.

ELEANORA DUSE

A portrait that expresses in some part the dignity, sadness and mobility of the world's greatest living actress. In it may be perceived an odd suggestion of our own Maude Adams as she may seem years from now.

I remembered Duse in all the glory of her last American tour. And now—before me sat a white haired woman, upon whose face the marks of deep suffering were indelibly traced.

Although I had glimpsed her at her works of charity during the war, I had never fully realized until now what sorrow can do to the face of a super-sensitive woman. What makes the tragedy in Duse's face the more poignant is the nobility of character, the white flame of spirituality, ever struggling to conceal her sorrow.

I could well believe the stories that it has cost Eleanora Duse a great sacrifice to come out of the shadows into which she had shrunk for the past sixteen years, back into the limelight of the theatre.

Personally I have never studied a more sensitive face nor have I ever seen eyes expressive of more sadness. Yet her occasional laugh reveals a keen sense of humor. And when she smiles, showing her white teeth, twenty years fall from her, telling by contrast what ravages sorrow can make.

As she talked, the loose sleeves of a dark blue silk brocade robe fell from her beautiful hands—young hands—with long, delicate, slender fingers.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when Duse received me in her apartment at the Palace Hotel, Livorno (Leghorn), a place I had, from childhood associated with hens and hats. It was the last place in the world I had expected to make an artistic pilgrimage.

But Duse was giving two gala performances at the Goldoni Theatre. Here in this seaside town she presented Ibsen's "The Lady of the Sea" and Marco Praga's "The Closed Door" (La Porta Chiusa), with that rare art which years cannot dim.

WHAT SHE WILL PLAY

TO me, Ibsen is one of the greatest dramatists of all time." she was saying. "It is impossible to discuss national phases of art today without deep study but the Scandinavian mind has, for the past thirty years, been producing great drama.

"What a sustaining force is Art both for a nation and an individual!"

"Are Americans fond of Ibsen?" she asked suddenly. "You know, if I come to America, I will present a number of Ibsen plays. There is a play by a young Italian dramatist I feel sure the American public will like too, for it has to do with a great human emotion-mother love. 'The Closed Door' is a drama of the heart while 'The Lady of the Sea' is a drama of the mind. When I give but two performances I like to give these two, with their different appeal. I believe Americans are very responsive to sentiment—and after all what greater study of love is there than the maternal?"

Duse's face, which had become grave,

(*Continued on page* 186)

"I understand that in America there are many very young actresses of real talent who dominate the stage today. One hears so much of this spirit of youth which pervades your country. I am so anxious to make a tour of the United States and to come face to face with these young controlling creatures. I want to study your stage and meet these young artists who are re-creating Art. For me it will be a spiritual tour, a breath of new life!"

There was something inexpressibly sad as this great artist whose genius was lost for so many years to the public, spoke so appreciatively of youth.

"I look toward America as the land of optimism. That is your great national asset, isn't it? It is this spirit of optimism which has made you a progressive nation. You are too young a country to feel inhibitions and fear. And now we must all turn to you for fresh hope. Your psychology is quite different from other countries for one great reason today. Even though America entered the war and suffered, the country was never invaded and no uninvaded land can ever have the same outlook on life as a country that has known the ravages of alien forces."

"And do you think these things show in the drama of a country?" I asked.

"Of course," she replied. "National life is reflected in the artistic output of any country. I cannot speak intelligently of modern American drama but I understand that you are producing exceptionally exciting plays, melodrama, mystery, detective dramas.

"I am greatly interested in your young dramatists. Who knows but what one of them may write a play for me! How I should love that! I have such confidence in youth. Here in Italy I am always interested in the works of young playwrights. I do believe so in encouraging them."

Everyone in Italy knows how Eleanora Duse has interested herself in helping young artists along the road from which she retired. Both dramatists and actresses owe much to this great artist.

"But I am told that America today is really the land of the precocious, that every professional field has been practically taken over by astoundingly young people. I am so anxious to see this land of youth!"

There is no affectation in Duse's talk of America, no posing to please. She is sincerity itself.

In fact, there is no pose either on or off the stage about this unusual woman. Sitting there in her salon, her long, exquisitely expressive hands pushing an occasional white strand of hair from her forehead, she is the same Duse as on the stage, in one commanding detail. There is not even a trace of powder on her face.

Few actresses would have the courage to face the footlights without make-up as does Duse.

USES NO MAKE-UP

"THEY must take me as I am," she said. "I have never used make-up and I never expect to. One must be absolutely natural upon the stage. It is not necessary to exaggerate one's features any more than it is necessary to exaggerate actions. Real art comes from the correct portrayal of emotions."

Indeed, intimate friends of Duse who have suggested that she use make-up have met with the unchanging response:

"If they do not like me as I am, they need not come to see me. I am as I am."

This same unswerving spirit has made Duse a remarkable figure in a field of far greater range than the theatre. She is unique in the story of woman. Only a woman of great dignity and nobility of character as well as fineness of sentiment could maintain the unbroken silence regarding the disillusions which cast the spirit of tragedy over her life.

There is one subject that is never mentioned to her by even her most intimate friends. The incidents which led to her retirement from the stage, shadowed with sorrow, are as the title of her play, a "Closed Door."

No tempting offer of alluring financial figures has ever succeeded in obtaining from her any reference to her version of the story revealed in D'Annunzio's "Il Fuoco." No dazzling sum of money has ever impelled her to refer to the events which made of her life a tragedy more over-powering than any drama she has ever portrayed.

Naturally, I reflected, looking at the sensitive face beneath the white hair, fineness of character takes its toll in suffering.

And when I asked her if she were preparing her memoirs, she raised her hands in protest.

"Please—let us not talk of memoirs—— The future and the present—let us talk of them."

Then quickly changing the subject she began to talk of American literature with real understanding and appreciation.

"I have always had great admiration for a country that has produced an Emerson and a Walt Whitman in literature and a Washington and a Lincoln in public life. I regret that I do not read English for one loses so much national spirit through translation. Still French and Italian translations have given me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with many of your best writers. Few philosophers appeal to me as does Emerson and as for Whitman I have always thought of him as the spirit of America."

While Duse thinks Americans are always in too much of a hurry about everything, she appreciates the fact that American women have arrived at a state of comparative freedom before other nations.

"It seems to me that the American woman is the most respected and the freest in the world. I admire the freshness of viewpoint and the independence of thought and action which characterizes these women. Of course, Italian women today are freer than before the war, but freedom as it exists in America—unconscious freedom—does not exist here."

Through the broad window, behind a vase filled with red roses, the picture of sailboats on a sunlit sea framed a background for Duse's expressive face with its crown of white hair. Something extremely fragile in spite of the strong spirit shining from her eyes, suggests itself in Duse's physical appearance.

I wondered just how she felt about playing again after her determination never to return to the stage. And I asked her if the long season had fatigued her.

"No—no—I am quite well," she replied, and I longed to hear her add, "Quite well and happy."

(*Continued on page* 186)

PLAYS

By Harold Seton

Plays that are rapid,
Plays that are slow,
Plays that are vapid,
Plays that are low,
Plays that are sneaky,
Plays that are frank,
Plays that are freaky,
Plays that are rank,
Plays that are horrid,
Plays that are bold,
Plays that are torrid,
Plays that are cold,
Plays that are cheerful,
Plays that are tough,
Plays that are tearful,
Plays that are bluff,
Plays that are treason,
Plays that are vile:
Once in a season
One that's worth while!

Campbell

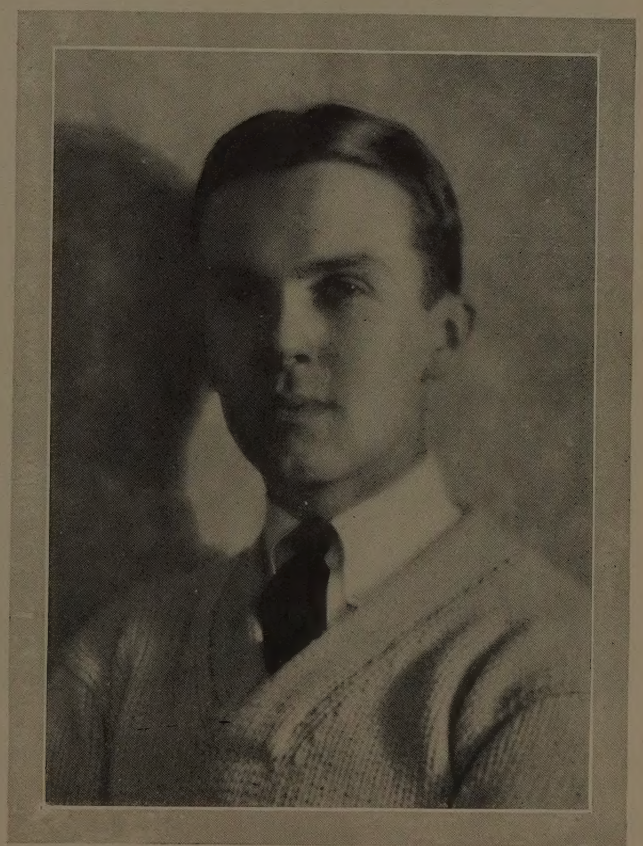
SIDNEY BLACKMER

JOANNA ROOS

Muray

Royal Atelier

MARTHA BRYAN ALLEN



GLENN HUNTER

Morrall

THE YOUNGER PLANETS

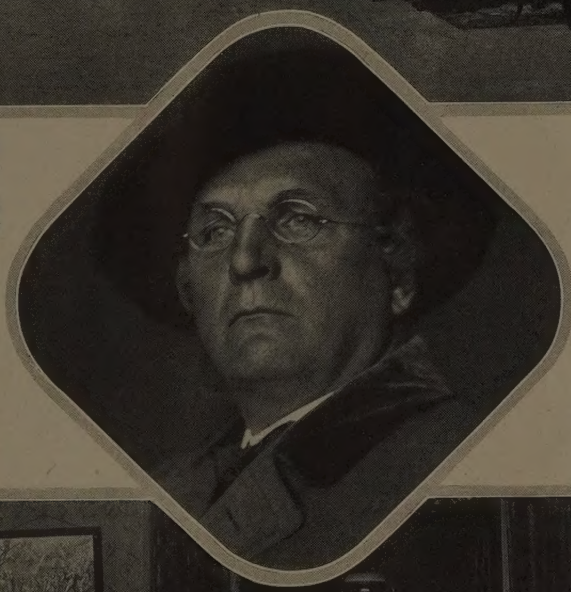
A Quartette of Brilliant Young Players Who Are Coming to Need no Further Introduction Than Their Names

A scene in the sumptuous production of "The Pretenders," Ibsen's most famous historical play, based on the colorful medieval history of Norway. On the cathedral steps are seen the principal characters of the play, King Haakon, Bishop Nikolaus and Earl Skule.

IBSEN AS PLAYED IN

A Few Unusual Photographs of Recent Notable

An unusual atmosphere of reality is found in the above scene from the National Theatre's production of "The Wild Duck." David Knudsen is seen as Hjalmar Ekdal with his arm outstretched, and Gerda Ring as Hedwig at the extreme right



(In oval) The noted Norwegian actor, Egil Eide, as Dr. Stockman in Ibsen's social drama "An Enemy of the People." The actor was dressed and acted the part in the likeness of the great national poet Bjornson

"Hedda Gabler," with the highly popular actress, Mrs. Ragna Wettergreen as Hedda (second from left) and the Director of the National Theatre at Christiania, Halfdan Christensen, as Ejlert Lovborg at the extreme right

HIS OWN COUNTRY

Productions in the National Theatre of Norway

What Is An "Actor-Proof" Scene?

An Eminent Critic and Observer Comments On One of the Mysteries of the Theatre

By JAMES L. FORD

THE successful production of a play is not, as so many thinkers of the owlish school believe, a purely literary achievement, but one that bears a close resemblance to a feat in gastronomy. There is, however, this difference between the two, for whereas the last named is accomplished by a single *cordon bleu* who scorns both advice and interference, the other calls for the services of producer, dramatist and actor, and the work of the three is so closely blended with that of the press agent that no layman can tell where the one begins or the others end. The play-goer who has enjoyed an evening's entertainment goes home in the belief that he has seen a fine actor and does not always give due credit to the dramatist who has given new proof of the old saying that "good plays make good actors." This inability to discriminate is highly pleasing to the manager who has a long term starring contract with the player while his interest in the playwright ends with the run of the piece. The drama in question has been chosen, not because it was the best one offered but because its third act contained what is termed an "actor-proof scene" cunningly devised to exhibit the player's talent at its best.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S TASK

AN "actor-proof scene" is one in which no player of even moderate skill and experience can go wholly astray. The building of such scenes is one of the most ancient of theatric arts and the one most favored by modern conditions for it can be used as a substitute for genuine mimetic ability. The skill with which Shakespeare wrote plays containing more than one part that was "actor proof" in every scene is ample proof of the absurdity of the Baconian theory, were any such proof needed. Clyde Fitch devoted much of his genuine talent to the construction of parts that brought stellar honors to many an actress, for which reason, perhaps, but little of the work in which he was so prolific survives him. Ripe scholastic thought has occupied itself of late in sage comment on the plays of Eugene O'Neill but, so far as I know, not one of these academicians has given him credit for the effective "actor-proof scenes" in several of his plays.

So far as it applies to the stage there is some degree of truth in the phrase, frequently on the lips of malcontents: "Criticism does not exist in this country." Largely speaking, dramatic criticism has passed into the hands of academicians and young men, for the most part college graduates, who, by reason of their tender years are not guided by the higher standards of the past.

Now the theatre is an intellectual democracy that defies the comprehension of the scholastic mind and even the highly cultivated one. Very few of either class realize that literature and the drama are very far apart and not amenable to the same laws. Such lore as the academician possesses is confined to dramatic construction, but as there is no Chair of Acting in any American university his ignorance of that delightful art—and it is an art—is abysmal. In his discussions of the Shakespearean dramas he concerns himself with the reading of the lines—whether the actor should say *"stings* and arrows," or "stings and *arrows,"* or "stings *and* arrows"—and pays no heed whatever to the manner in which the lines are listened to and thus carried across the footlights into the minds of the audience. He is easily fooled by the uncouth gyrations that pass current as "intellectual acting" at those special matinées that harbor so many offenders against dramatic art.

ACTOR-PROOFING "RIP"

THE younger dramatic commentator is a chosen disciple of the elder, and, if a little learning be a dangerous thing, how much more dangerous is that learning when it is tainted at its source by scholastic heresy?

But who is there among the playwrights of recent years whose genius in work of this description is comparable with that of Dion Boucicault? We have only to consider what he did with "Rip Van Winkle" to realize that he was a complete master of his craft.

The story on which this play is founded was given to the world by Washington Irving a century ago and soon attracted the attention of actors and others skilled in stage-craft, for the lovable qualities of the easy-going village loafer who preferred fishing and hunting and the joys of the tavern to the constant nagging of his wife had an almost universal appeal to men if not to women. Many were the pens that busied themselves with attempts to adapt the sketch to use behind the footlights. As the American dramatist was then a negligible factor in theatric affairs the work was undertaken by actors, each one of whom saw himself in the title rôle. Hackett tried his hand at it, as did Joseph Jefferson's father and, finally Jefferson himself, to whom the possibilities of the character appealed more strongly than to any of the others. Not one of these men, competent as they were, was successful, nor could any of them understand why a play founded on such a widely read tale and built around such an attractive character should invariably fail. Perhaps if there had been women dramatists in those days the result might have been different.

BOUCICAULT'S GENIUS

BUT Joseph Jefferson did not despair, for he had become obsessed with a desire to play the part, and on a visit to London in the Sixties he brought his manuscript to Dion Boucicault and asked him what was the matter with it. It needed but a single reading to reveal the weakness of the play to that astute dramatist. He saw that no matter what the charm of the actor playing the chief part women would not accept as a stage hero a man who caroused in the tavern while his wife did the washing. Accordingly he set himself to the task of redeeming Rip in the eyes of women. In the first act he presented him frankly at his worst as a worthless but good-natured idler who could not refuse an invitation to drink. Then he made him kind to the children who came trooping lovingly about him—a direct route to the sympathetic feminine heart—and to the dog, Schneider, whom nobody saw. Knowing well that in every feminine soul there lurks a thorough detestation of such of the sex as are termed "cats" this wise student of humankind showed Rip's wife to be a nagging termagant of the worst description, so that every woman in the audience said to herself: "If that man had only married a nice woman what a difference it would have made in his character!"

A LITTLE KNOWN FACT

IT had been apparent to previous adapters of the story that the ill-assorted couple must be separated, but the manner of that separation had proved the rock on which every one of them had foundered. Boucicault's solution of the problem crowned his handiwork with a master-stroke of genius. It was evident to him that one of the two must put the other out of the house, but how was that to be accomplished? For the husband to drive his wife out would be to rob him of every particle of the sympathy his dramatist had been at such pains to win for him. Were Rip ejected, many women would say that it served him right. Boucicault deliberately traded on that fear of thunder and lightning which is the heritage of every woman and had his hero driven out into a fierce storm of wind and rain accompanied by peals of thunder and dazzling flashes of lightning that brought the curtain down on a house shaken with sobs. The last act was absolutely "actor proof" for while the audience knew that the Revolution had taken place and that Rip had been asleep twenty years, and the other characters were aware of the political changes, Rip knew nothing of either happening and was of necessity the centre of interest.

It was in the year 1865 that the Irish dramatist delivered his work to the actor who appeared in it almost continuously for forty years, and within a few weeks of the present moment of writing I have received a message from a London manager asking where the Boucicault version could be obtained. By common consent the credit for the popularity of the piece was given to

(*Continued on page* 188)

Study by Rabinovitch

KOTCHETOVSKY of the CHAUVE-SOURIS

Whose Rare Artistry Makes His Dance "The Clown" a Gem of Pantomimic Emotion

Alfred Cheney Johnston

ELEANOR PAINTER

Whom September will find back at the Century in a new musical offering, "The Lady of the Rose," an importation from London

RUTH CHATTERTON

Who will shortly open in "La Tendresse," an adaptation from Bataille done by herself which was received with great favor during a try-out with Henry Miller in San Francisco

Morrall

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

To be seen in another French play, this time "The Wedding March," one of the several Bataille adaptations to be done this season

FAY BAINTER

Whose manager, William Harris, Jr., is resolved she will be seen in New York again this season even if he has to write the right play for her himself

White

MARIE TEMPEST

Who, with her husband, Graham Browne, has traveled an astonishing number of miles from the Australian hinterlands and returned at last to New York to play in Arthur Richman's new comedy, "A Serpent's Tooth"

Abbe

Abbe

STARS TO TWINKLE IN FALL SKIES

Great Favorites Who Will Be Seen On Broadway In New Productions

The Rise of the Curtain

A Forecast of What Broadway is to See and Hear the Coming Season

By JOHN VAN DOREN

PIN the red badge of courage upon the valorous breasts of New York's producing managers. Scarcely was the most disastrous season of 1921-22 decently buried with fitting obsequies before arrangements for a vigorous campaign for the coming theatrical year were inaugurated. And at this moment, in spite of labor troubles, business lassitude and a hesitant public, more plays are in process of preparation than have been launched in several seasons. A chat with our leading managers about the productions pending or already under way reads like a philosophical lecture delivered in several keys.

NEW FORBES COMEDY

A. L. ERLANGER, who scoffs at past difficulties and loves to ride the storm, admits that last season was calculated to try men's souls. Nevertheless, his broad vision sweeps a wider horizon than that which bounds the theatre alone, and he declares that in the world-wide fusions and confusions, commercial, political and intellectual, that have prevailed on both sides of all the seven seas, the amusement business has scarcely been confronted with more than its share of disaster. And Mr. Erlanger's theatrical interests will be as far-flung and various as ever during the coming season. While his plans have not yet so far matured as to be given concrete listings, apart from a new comedy by James Forbes of "The Famous Mrs. Fair" fame, he will, in conjunction with Florenz Ziegfeld and Charles Dillingham, project a number of important ventures into the theatrical arena. Mr. Erlanger's first novelty will be a brilliant production of Kalman's new operetta, "The Bayadere," now the sensation of Berlin, which is heralded by all who have seen it as a sure-fire American hit, bound to live as long as Mr. Erlanger's famous "Ben-Hur"—the very Methuselah of the stage.

"This is a time for the survival of the fittest," says Al H. Woods, who recently came home from Europe staggering under a load of new plays calculated to bring joy to the hearts of actors looking for engagements. "Of course," murmurs Mr. Woods slyly, with a crooked smile, "differences of opinion as to what is 'fittest' in the drama exist between myself and certain impure puritans, but I claim pardon for a mild complacency over the fact that all my plays have triumphantly survived the crash and carnage of last season."

WOODS' LONG LIST

AMONG the enterprises claiming Mr. Woods' immediate attention are Somerset Maugham's sensational London hit, "East of Suez," which will be done here with an impressive cast, not yet fully selected. The last two plays by Bataille, "The Wedding March" and "A Child of Love," voyaged from Paris in Mr. Woods' manuscript trunk, as did "Le Retour" by de Fleurs and Croisette. Three unwritten plays by each of two prominently popular French dramatists are also contracted for by this manager. This sextette comprises the next three plays by Andre Picard, who wrote "Kiki," and by Alfred Savoir, whose chaste typewriter clicked off "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," a season or so ago. Like the late Augustin Daly and William Gillette, Mr. Woods regards Berlin as the happy hunting ground for the dramatic Nimrod who seeks the merry and ever adaptable farce.

He captured there no less than seven mirthful vehicles, together with a number of more serious plays and a fine bag of musical pieces. Among the latter is one that is likely to be produced under a different title from "Gri-Gri," which is of Viennese origin although brought down in Berlin. The music of "Gri-Gri" is by Lincke whose tinkling "Glow Worm" is still whistled on Broadway many years after its introduction in "Three Twins." A comedy, "Gretchen," which, to quote the producer, "has had Berlin in stitches" for over three hundred nights, will be shown to New York audiences in the early part of the season. "The Bad Girl," which will also enliven Broadway, is not likely to be so shocking as it sounds, since the vernacular "Bad" will be transformed into "Bathing." "This is a clean play," explains Mr. Woods. "Paul and Pauline," "Furnished Rooms to Rent," "Orchestra Seat No. Ten," "The Woman in the Mask," "The Spring Board," "The Chaste Lebeman," "Femina," and "Parquette No. Six" are a few of the other titles of plays in Mr. Woods' game bag.

Especially well does Mr. Woods think of "Morphia," a reigning Viennese success by Dr. Ludwig Mertzner, which is slated for early production with an old-fashioned Woods cast like those which startled Broadway when this manager produced "The Yellow Ticket" with John Mason, Florence Reed, Frederic de Belleville, John Barrymore, Irene Fenwick and other stars in an unfeatured aggregation of players.

Added to this list Mr. Woods has purchased a group of plays which are at this writing tossing on the Atlantic en route from his purchasing headquarters in Paris. He has also renewed his option on the last play of the late C. M. S. McClellan, who wrote "Leah Kleshna" at one pole of his achievement as a dramatist and "The Belle of New York" at the other. "The Jury of Fate" is the tentative title of the McClellan piece, which will be produced this season.

HARRIS REFUSES TO COMPLAIN

WE'RE all alive, aren't we? And we've all got our health, haven't we?" demands Sam H. Harris, as his comment of the failures of last season. "Personally, I have no complaint to register against 1921-22. I begin this year with several left over successes still running, and a number of new productions that look like popular hits under way." At the time of this writing, "Captain Applejack" at the Cort Theatre, "Six Cylinder Love" at the Harris Theatre, and "The Music Box Revue" are still attracting commanding midsummer patronage, while several new pieces are marking time in the provinces while waiting a chance to dazzle Broadway. Jeanne Eagles in "A Gentleman's Mother," has scored a very heavy hit and promises to be a Broadway feature for the whole of the coming season. Other attractions which Mr. Harris expects to show New York

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Portrait by Nikolas Muray

MARY SERVOSS

Whose probable appearance as Portia with David Warfield in the Belasco production of "The Merchant" is among the most interesting prospects of the coming season

shortly are William Anthony Maguire's novelty "It's a Boy," Richard Bennett in a characteristic rôle, "A Nervous Wreck" by Owen Davis, and an ambitious new play by Martin Brown with the intriguing title "Great Music." Claire Kummer has already turned over to Mr. Harris the script of a new play in her most amusing vein which will engage the stellar services of Roland Young assisted by a hand picked cast. "Pomeroy" is the present title of the new Kummer play, but a christening party at Mr. Harris' Great Neck cottage may give the piece a new name at any moment. Several costumers assisted by Hepner and all the available jokesmiths and scenic artists with Maestro Irving Berlin furiously at work at new melodies, are already constructing an entirely new Music Box Revue which will spring full-fledged into being when the October openings are well under way. A number of novelties are kept under an armed guard of yeomen, officered by Lieutenant-Commander Wells Hawks, U.S.N., which will be released from secrecy at the première of the new Revue. The Duncan sisters, who will star in a new piece of their own construction, have admitted Guy Bolton to partnership in their playwriting venture and Mr. Bolton has added the element of stage technique to the drolleries the merry sisters have strung together for their use. This list fails to include all the activities scheduled for Mr. Harris' contribution to Broadway this season, but he withholds further confidences out of consideration for the health of Mr. Samuel Forrest, his stage director, who will produce the entire output, with the partial exception of the Music Box piece, single handed and alone.

MAURICE CHEVALIER COMING

IT is a tradition of the Paris *coulisses* that when Charles B. Dillingham arrives in the French capital, all the dramatists in Paris camp at his door until he has purchased every reigning success that takes his fancy. "La Touche" and "Dede," both musical pieces of unexampled popularity, are his Paris purchases this summer. For the latter piece Mr. Dillingham will bring to Broadway a new matinée favorite in the highly attractive and talented person of Maurice Chevalier, now playing the principal rôle in Paris.

For the entire two years' run of "Dede" in Paris, M. Chevalier has shared national favor with such other idols as Foch, Clemenceau and Joffre; so there seems no reason to doubt that the tricolor will wave gaily over the Dillingham stage for an extended season. Mr. Dillingham's great serious offering will be the much discussed Galsworthy masterpiece "Loyalties," which he will do early in September with much pomp and circumstance. In lighter vein "Tons of Money," a fleetly moving farce, will be shown later on. Mr. Fred Stone will continue in "Tip Top," which has been seen in but four cities during its road tour. Also will continue "A Bill of Divorcement," with Allan Pollock, and "Bulldog Drummond," which opens in Chicago on Labor Day. "Good Morning Dearie" will continue at the Globe Theatre its record-breaking run.

MORE KERN MUSIC

THE new Anne Caldwell piece, "The Bunch and Judy," with Jerome Kern's music, will be an early Dillingham offering. Other plays by Rida Johnson Young, Montague Glass, Fred de Gressac, Eugene Walter, William Le Baron and others will also be produced within the next fifty-two weeks by Mr. Dillingham. Of course, the Dillingham season's *magnum opus* will be the big Hippodrome show, which is now in the final stages of rehearsal. More massive than ever, the usual Hippodrome display of trained elephants will be augmented by a troup of sixty performing horses. There will be more dancers, more scenery, more special features, more laughs and more musical novelties than ever; and as this issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE goes to press the only thing still uncaptured by Mr. Dillingham for the newest of his Hippodrome shows is a name. The title for this sixty horse-power spectacle will be developed, says director Burnside during rehearsals by the usual Hippodrome method of inspired suggestion from the many suggestions that present themselves as the spectacle takes form.

Seated in the attitude of Rodin's "Thinker," Mr. Lee Shubert philosophizes pleasantly about the coming season. "Productions speak louder than words," says the Plato of Theatre Row. "Last year's vaudeville? Last year's road seasons? The wise man's eyes are in the front of his head; he is too busy looking forward, to spend any time gazing with complacency or regret at the yesterdays of his life."

And for the theatrical "tomorrow," Mr. Shubert has scheduled for production an imposing list of new plays with continued presentation of a number of last year's successes. Among these survivors will be two companies of "Blossom Time," Al. Jolson in "Bombo," M'Intyre and Heath in "Red Pepper," Frances White and Taylor Holmes in "The Hotel Mouse," Vivian Martin and Lee Overman in "Just Married," with Eddie Cantor and the Howard Brothers continuing for the present in last season's hits.

New plays are on the *tapis* for Leo Ditrichstein and William Hodge, while James Barton will blossom forth as a full-fledged star in a novel vehicle not yet named. New American novelists in the persons of Ben Hecht and Sinclair Lewis will contribute plays to the coming season, Mr. Lewis' "Main Street" having already seen the light of day.

While Mr. Lee Shubert has been putting American plays into shape for the coming year, Mr. J. J. Shubert has scoured the European market and recently landed on Broadway with a great grist of musical and dramatic pieces. Among these are Pinero's much discussed "Enchanted Cottage," for which many other managers made bids in London, and which he will produce in conjunction with W. A. Brady, whose European visit is prolonged too late for fuller mention of his own activities. "The Lady of The Rose," now packing Daly's Theatre in London, will be Eleanor Painter's next vehicle, while Tessa Kosta will be heard in the title rôle of "The Little Dutch Wife," a rôle for which Emerich Kalman has written some captivating music to a bright book with lyrics by Leo Stern. Several other English and German novelties are supplemented by an extended list of Italian plays, both lyric and dramatic, which are enjoying an enthusiastic vogue in Italy.

PEMBERTON FAITHFUL TO ITALY

MR. BROCK PEMBERTON, whose first star, Gilda Varesi in "Enter Madame," has inclined him to a leaning toward the land of Dante and D'Annunzio, has also bought a number of Italian successes, which he will disclose to Broadway during the coming season. Among these are Luigi Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," and "What You Least Expect," by Luigi Barzini, well-known to newspaper men all over the world, and Arnaldo Fracaroli of Milan. Mr.

Maurice Goldberg

SYBIL GUNN (Left)
and ANGE
Two winsome and talented pupils of Helen Moller's school of the dance

Maurice Goldberg

(Left)
FRANCES MAHAN
Who has been placed under contract for three years as a *première danseuse* with the Music Box

(Right)
MARLEY
Of the Fokine ballet at the Hippodrome, who will be seen again at the big playhouse next season

Nickolas Muray

A PHOTOGRAPHIC POEM OF MOTION

Youth Whirls Joyfully Indoors and Out to the Click of a Camera

Pemberton has contracted for foreign productions of "Miss Lulu Brett" and for "Enter Madame," which will engage the services of Lina Abarbanell in Berlin and Halina Bruzovna in Warsaw, while other actresses will carry the Varesi heroine to South America and the Scandinavian theatres. Mr. Pemberton also announces Lord Dunsany's "If."

MARIE TEMPEST BACK

JOHN L. GOLDEN'S friends call him the "Babe Ruth" of the stage. That is the Lambs Club way of saying that he expects all his plays to make home runs in New York of at least two years' duration. This pleasing record having been achieved by "Lightnin'" and "The First Year," and closely approached by "Three Wise Fools" and "Thank U," each of these successes will continue their career during the coming season.

There will be at least three companies of "Lightnin'". One of course headed by Frank Bacon, who is at present playing in Chicago, another by Milton Nobles and a third by Thomas Jefferson. Two companies will present "The First Year," Gregory Kelly playing the rôle made familiar by Frank Craven in a touring organization. Harry Davenport and Phyllis Rankin will head the company presenting "Thank U," and Tom Wise will continue in "Three Wise Fools." Hale Hamilton and Grace La Rue will have a new piece, "Monoker," and worthy of special spotlight in the Golden schedule is the re-appearance, after many years, of Marie Tempest and her husband, Graham Browne, who have journeyed specially from Australia to do Arthur Richman's new comedy "A Serpent's Tooth," at the Gaiety.

THE BELASCO PLANS

THE plans of David Belasco are shrouded in that masterly reticence that always envelops preliminary activities of the Belasco forces. "Shore Leave," however, will be done with Miss Starr as the heroine in a play by Hubert Osborne, hitherto known as an actor prominent in the cast, of H. W. Savage's production of "Every Woman." David Warfield, after a preliminary season in a round of familiar characters, will realize his long deferred hope of appearing as Shylock in a Belasco-Shakespearian production this year, and a new potential star will be launched in the person of Miss Mary Servoss, who is to be presented by Mr. Belasco early in the season, probably as Portia.

Miss Lenore Ulric will continue her remarkable characterization of "Kiki" indefinitely at the Belasco Theatre.

Morris Gest will continue to provide the "Chauve Souris" company with new "turns" from time to time. An entire change of bill is scheduled for October 1st and there is no doubt that Balieff and his merry associates will continue to convulse New York audiences at one theatre or another for the entire season of 1922-23. By a coup of diplomacy Mr. Gest has succeeded in healing the breach existing between M. Balieff and Soudekine, the great scenic artist who has been identified with previous "Chauve Souris" successes, and the new chapter in this merry revue will enlist the services of the painter who is now en route from Paris. Of the coming of the Moscovite "Art Theatre," there is at present an irritating uncertainty. Negotiations have been suspended and renewed from time to time, and are at present pending with the outcome impossible to foresee. Should Mr. Gest's well-known diplomacy succeed in smoothing away the difficulties presented, New York will doubtless see the greatest organization of players ever introduced to our public, for the Art Theatre of Moscow is recognized wherever the drama flourishes as the embodiment of all that constitutes greatness in every feature of drama.

A TRIANGLE OF BARRYMORES

THE plans of Arthur Hopkins are held in abeyance at present, while a number of important issues are being considered. It is known, however, that Mr. Hopkins' well-known policy of fighting at the front of artistic endeavor in the theatre, will be vigorously pursued. At least it can be said that all the Barrymores in the theatre will be presented by Mr. Hopkins this year, Ethel Barrymore having joined her brothers under his banner. Of Mr. John Barrymore's return to active work there exists some doubt, but it is confidently hoped that he will be seen on Broadway before the snow flies.

The Theatre Guild will do its usual number of interesting plays, the cycle for 1922-23, including a number of daring foreign novelties and several thoughtful plays by a group of American dramatists headed by Eugene O'Neill. Present plans call for the production of "R. U. R.," the cabalistic title of a new play from a Czech pen, that of Karel Capek; "The Lucky One," by A. A. Milne, the "Voysey Inheritance" by Granville Barker, and probably Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," with Joseph Schildkraut of "Liliom" fame in the title rôle. "Masse Mensch" by Ernst Toller, and at least one Shaw play are also scheduled.

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"

THE plans of George G. Tyler include a number of activities, all of which so far as scheduled will continue Mr. Tyler's policy of projecting the work of American dramatists. "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies," will continue their merry career, and Harry Leon Wilson's "Merton of the Movies," with Glenn Hunter as the dreamy young idealist unafflicted by any sense of humor.

William Harris, Jr., is still desperately trying to locate a script for Fay Bainter, who, from all reports, is finally wearied of doing the perennially popular "East is West." Every play hack-smith and genius along Broadway has assailed the Harris office with a script or an idea, but so far nothing has been forthcoming of definite interest. It is possible that Mr. Harris will have to look abroad for a piece suited to his enormously popular star, whom he has resolved to have re-appear in New York this Fall. Among other Harris plans are included a production of Alfred Savoir's new comedy "Banco," being done into whimsical English by Clare Kummer. A new Tarkington play, tentatively entitled "Kunnel Blake," and Galsworthy's new play, "Windows," which was received with interest in London, are also on the Harris list. Mr. Harris awaits the script of John Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee," which may prove the *chef-d'oeuvre* of the coming Harris season.

ANOTHER RICHMAN PLAY

THE Charles Frohman offices, now headed by Gilbert Miller, will start the season with a production of "The Awful Truth," a new comedy by the prolific Arthur Richman which had tremendous success during a Coast try-out with Bruce McRae and Ruth Chatterton in the leading parts. The Richman piece will open in September at the Henry Miller Theatre with Ina Claire as star. A further production of the Frohman office will be that of "The Swan," a new Molnar comedy of royal personages which is being played with great success in Budapest. The production will have

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Photography by Charlotte Fairchild

MACBETH: "MY DEAREST LOVE . . ."

Ian Kieth and Blanche Yurka make Shakespeare's tragedy seem a romance in this charming impression posed specially by these two well-known players

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

The Pin Wheel Revue

Produced at the Earl Carroll Theatre, June 15th, with the following principals:

Raymond Hitchcock, Frank Fay, Rosalind Fuller, Margaret Petit, Felicia Sorel, Senia Gluck, Michio Itow, Hazel Wright, Eva Clark, Louise Riley, Ragina Devi, Lillian Greenfield, Marie Viscardi, Florence McGuire, Victorio White, Josephine Head, Maria Montero, Patricia Gridier, Hamilton Condon, John Burr, Phyllis Jackson, Mercedes Guthrie and Maurice Black.

A BIZARRE, fantastic and at the same time hopelessly dull entertainment came into the Earl Carroll under an extraordinary assortment of sponsoring names as a preliminary contribution to the barrage of summer shows. A more unusual combination of rich artistry literally messed by incongruous, inappropriate comedy interpolations has rarely been seen on Broadway. The "Pin Wheel Revue" was and should have remained a carnival of dancers. It started that way under the general leadership of the talented Japanese Michio Itow, variously assisted by fellow artists, and then fatefully and a bit obscurely passed into the hands of Raymond Hitchcock, who, apparently inspired by the way Balieff "sees through" the Chauve-Souris, undertook to make a similar effort.

Rosalind Fuller with her always gracious manner and charming songs, Margaret Petit with several ballet dancers in a dance after the paintings of Degas, a "tramp ballet" of five hooligans attired amusingly in shabby clothes of pure white, and a dance called "Faun and Nymph" by Felicia Sorel and Senia Gluck were the outstanding moments of artistry in the oddly mingled bill. But between each of these numbers and between many other almost equally lovely Mr. Hitchcock and his side partner, Frank Fay, issued before the audience and with a humor of the sort that is customarily improvised at rehearsal by old hands at the gentle art of give-and-take comedy utterly destroyed the peculiar illusion and spirit conveyed by what had gone before. Those who had enjoyed the latter could not conceivably enjoy the heavy-footed Hitchcock fun, and those in the audience who could find smiles in the latter would have no possible use for the dances and songs. I have never seen in the theatre a more absurd combination of offerings. And certainly the one comedy sketch in the bill, "The Shaving of the Hairy Ape"—as its name implies—would do shame to a band of freshman amateurs. In fact, no college show I have seen ever committed anything half so stupid and banal.

The "Pin Wheel" has gone. But it will return, and I rather suspect that when it does return, it will be the loveliness of it that will endure and the rest will be gone. A more generally beautiful assortment of dance conceptions I have never found in a revue before. And if there is one unusual artist in the lot it is a young man named Senia Gluck of whom I had never heard before but of whom I shall assuredly hear again.

Incidentally, it is of interest to know that a well known photographer—Bruguière—helped in the staging of several of the ballet and dance numbers. It is not a bad idea to have as adviser a camera artist whose life and training has been devoted to the study of light value.

The Chauve-Souris

THE "Chauve-Souris" has gone into a second edition and will undoubtedly go into a third and fourth and will be with us perhaps as long as that other "Bat" which lingers resolutely at the Morosco. The revised version of the popular Russian vaudeville carries over a number of the "hits" of its opening bill, notably, of course, "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and "Katinka" which have become by-words. The company—still under Balieff's eye—performs now at the Century Roof, which has been colorfully redone by Remisoff to resemble the interior of a true Muscovite playhouse. The expanse of the roof theatre does not lend itself as well to the intimate nature of the entertainment as did the 49th Street house, but the breezes from Central Park made forgiveness on that score easy.

The big discovery of the new bill—and an act which for me so far outdoes anything else the Chauve-Souris has created artistically that it deserves mention alone—is a dance of marvelous conception and execution by M. Kotchetovsky. As a clown issuing from the lights of the arena into the silence and loneliness of his dressing room, he plunges eloquently and exquisitely into pantomimic expression of the creature's fate and life and hopes and despairs. In three minutes, Kotchetovsky achieves all and more than Bennett achieved in three hours of "He." His is a notable and beautiful piece of work and in itself more than warrants the importation of the talented band of the "Chauve-Souris."

Spice of 1922

Produced at the Winter Garden, July 6th, with a cast among which were:

Valeska Suratt, Arman Kaliz, Jimmy Hussey, James C. Morton, Adele Rowland, Sam Hearn, Florence Browne, Cecil d'Andrea, Harry Walters, Hasoutra, James Watts, Jane Richardson, Midgie Miller, Flavia Arcaro and Will Oakland. Book by Jack Lait.

A SHOW hurled together in its formative days in a fashion destined to guarantee either complete disaster or great success with Valeska Suratt riding proudly at its head and joined up by the experienced but somewhat hackneyed pen of the prolific Jack Lait has come into the Winter Garden under the title "Spice of 1922." I rather suspect that "Spice of ——" will be a new and fairly permanent addition to the list of perennial productions. Somehow or other, a bit mysteriously, perhaps, but none the less certainly, a personality has crept into the entertainment and made itself felt. It may be Suratt, perhaps Lait, possibly Allan K. Foster who has done a fine bit of work with little material in staging the production. Or it may be no one at all, but the magical combination of good things and bad which go to make up a show that rather makes one think back on it.

Certainly nothing worse has ever been seen on a professional first class stage from the standpoint of taste, humor and intelligence than an absurdity called "Lilies of the Field," an exhibitionistic glorification of Mlle. Suratt—yet on the other hand few funnier things have been seen on Broadway than the sketch "All Night Long," a thing that in its broadness

(*Concluded on page* 186)

Portrait by Abbe

THE BEAUTY AND

Lenore Ulric caught in an unusual and striking mood.
A favorite portrait of the endlessly popular "Kiki"

Portrait by Abbe

THE BEAST

An extraordinary cameo-like study of Louis Wolheim in his splendid characterization of "The Hairy Ape"

Captain Pollock

Broadway's Leading Actor-Hero Gives a Glimpse Into the Reason for British Actors Being Good Ones

By ADA PATTERSON

DON'T say anything about the war, please. I've been saying this ever since I came back but nobody minds, for some reason. I mean—it seems so unfair that thirteen of my chums in the same battalion, the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, should have been killed and that I dragged my weary bones back here to kind America and got my name in electric lights above the door. It isn't right, is it?"

It was eminently right that Captain Allan Pollock should import back his weary bones, and his slow speech, and his languid air, to entertain us. I said so. He answered with a little sigh, "So many of my friends, such good fellows, are gone. Why should I be staying on, I wonder?"

It was not why, but how, that most concerns us. How could a man, of frailest physique, whose long body suggested brittleness as long ago as sixteen years, when he made his first visit to this country, have survived the havoc war had wrought in it? He served for four years and paid for the service with three years in the hospital.

He survived eleven operations upon the body, never more than seventy percent strong. Thirteen pieces of shrapnel were removed from his body. Eleven splinters of shrapnel, irksome companions, he has ever with him. A part of his jaw was shot away. It has been replaced by silver. His liver was bayonetted. Yet this patchwork of torn flesh and mended bones is animated by a spirit so fine that Captain Allan Pollock is known the length of Broadway and the height and depths of the Lambs Club as the most popular British actor in America.

"It is supposed that I am an Englishman because I have played in the provinces. I am a Scotsman. But practically all my days at Perth were just kid and circus days. They're long ago, but not forgotten."

"And you are a bachelor?" I asked.

"Yes," he admitted, "but not from choice. It has always been my ambition to be married."

WANTS TWENTY-FIVE CHILDREN

I OBSERVED that that might easily be contrived. "That is something that cannot be forced," was his cryptic reply. "And to have many children," he continued.

"How many?"

"Twenty-five or thirty."

"If that ambition becomes known you will remain a bachelor."

An abbreviated laugh from the hero of the barrages of Ypres and we were back again at Perth.

"I was one of eleven children. We were eight boys and three girls. I came about the middle of the series. We were of that large number of any nation, the lower middle classes. We all had to work hard at anything we could find to do. I used to run errands.

"My family did not oppose my going on the stage. It was glad to be rid of the burden of me. Nothing of that tosh about having tea with Lady So and So, who asked me to appear in amateur theatricals, which brought about my going on the stage. No. My family was glad to see me earning something and making my keep. It is good to be reared in the rough and tumble of a large family, though there is something cruel in it, too. Still I am not in favor of the new cult of birth control. Why curtail the Anglo-Saxon race and let others rule the world?

"I had a fair voice in my youth. I began in the music halls. It was easy enough to get a chance to sing the tenor rôles of Hayden Coffin, after the musical comedies reached the provinces. Think of my temerity at nineteen, playing leading rôles in Dion Boucicault's dramas, "The Shaugran" and "Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah na Pogue," on tours that included Ireland itself.

AMERICA'S STAGE MOST HOSPITABLE

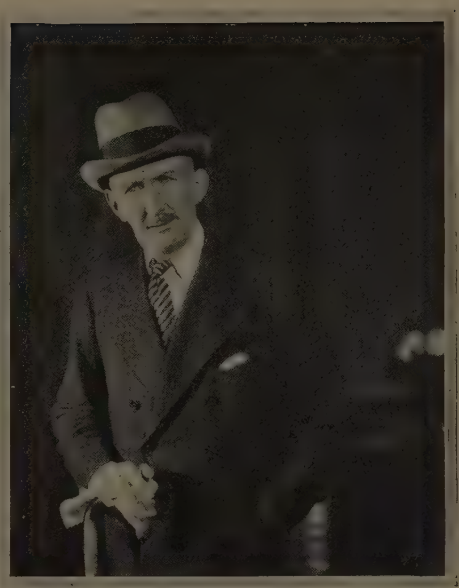
NERVE? No. Boyish fatuousness and ignorance. I was at that vealy age when I was convinced that I was a great actor. It took three years and fifty friends to convince me that I was not as gifted as I thought I was. Not by long odds.

"I began in earnest then to learn the art of acting. I believe I went to the best dramatic schools in the world, the best of the touring companies. Greet and Benson have developed more and better actors than has any school. I played Shakespearean repertoire. Edward Terry engaged me for his leading man.

"Sixteen years ago I came to America." Mr. Pollock pronounced the name with tender respect that deepened into reverence. "What this country, Broadway, the American actors have done for me! It has the most hospitable stage in the world. And the best. Yes, London has been surpassed by it. The dramatists are doing more vital work here.

"It has three of the greatest world figures of the stage. David Belasco and George M. Cohan are running a neck and neck race for world leadership in different types of entertainment. No one else can do the light, subtle comedy as Henry Miller does it.

"America caused me my first stage fright. It was when I made my first appearance in New York. It was with Mrs. Pat Campbell in 'Magda'. But I recovered from my first awe of the country when I went on a tour of seven months of one night stands."



White

ALLAN POLLOCK

Who has risen from three years a-bed in the war hospitals of France and England to become one of Broadway's most interesting actor-producers

How he developed his characters to their degree of poignant and pathetic truth as in "The Bill of Divorcement" and in his first essay as "A Pinch Hitter," Mr. Pollock told in sententious phrase. "I concentrate on the part. I read the play at least three times, to understand the relation of my part to the rest. Then I concentrate on the character I am to play. I play it through the medium of my own personality. The personality is the gun. The character in the play is the bullet. We must strengthen our personality. By so far as we strengthen that we give power to the rôle we play.

"Comparisons are especially odious in regard to actors. A player should be judged by the individual performance. I heartily agree with Henry Arthur Jones, who, to my mind, is one of the greatest present day dramatists. He told me that a character in a play could be interpreted in twenty-five ways and each correct from the varying viewpoints. He said he has seen some brilliant and remarkable performances of the parts he had written, but never one as he had conceived it.

"So I play a part with myself as the projector of it. I play it as I feel it, not as another actor has played it, nor perhaps as the author conceived it."

Allan Pollock is indeed a player of many parts. Outstanding in American memories was his ancient king, Augustus III, which he played with Douglas Fairbanks and Irene Fenwick in "Hawthorne, U. S. A.," his Lord Tommy in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" with Eleanor Robson, his Dallas Brown that held much of the unctuous drollery of "Seven Days," and the serio-comedy of his performance with Billie Burke in "Jerry."

But above them, as an Himalayan peak, towers his creation of the broken man, cured of his lunacy, who returns to his home to find his wife lawfully divorced by

(*Continued on page* 190)

MISS IRENE BORDONI
After a Pastel by
FABIANO

"The Truth About Blayds"

A Comedy in Three Acts by A. A. Milne

IN this, his latest play, the author has placed himself conspicuously among the most successful dramatists now writing for the English-speaking stage. This clever comedy is brilliant in characterization, interesting in its complications, and mirth-compelling in its caustic satire. The following condensation is printed here by courtesy of Mr. Winthrop Ames and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons

THE CAST

(*As produced by Mr. Winthrop Ames at the Booth Theatre*)

Oliver Blayds, the illustrious poet	O. P. Heggie
Isobel, his younger daughter	Alexandra Carlisle
Marion Blayds-Conway, his elder daughter	Vera Featherston
William Blayds-Conway, his son-in-law	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Oliver Blayds-Conway, his grandchildren	Leslie Howard
Septima Blayds-Conway, his grandchildren	Frieda Inescourt
A. L. Royce, a young poet	Gilbert Emery
Parsons, a maid	Mary Gayley

The scene throughout the play is laid in a handsomely furnished room, with no air of comfort but only of dignity, in a house in Portman Square. At the back is a painting of Oliver Blayds, also handsome and dignified.

Oliver Blayds-Conway, his grandson, enters with Royce, a man of forty, carrying a bound Address to present to Oliver Blayds.

OLIVER: * * * Make yourself comfortable.

ROYCE: Thanks. (*Looks round room and sees picture over fireplace.*) Hullo, there he is!

OLIVER: What? (*Bored.*) Oh, the old 'un, yes.

ROYCE: (*Reverently.*) Oliver Blayds, the last of the Victorians! (*Oliver looks despairingly to Heaven.*) I can't take my hat off, because it's off already, but I should like to.

OLIVER: Good lord, you don't really feel like that * * *?

ROYCE: Of course. Don't you?

OLIVER: Well hardly. He's my grandfather.

ROYCE: (*Smiling.*) * * * There's nothing in the Ten Comandments about *not* honoring your grandfather.

OLIVER: Nothing about honoring 'em either. It's left optional. Of course, he's a wonderful old fellow, ninety and still going strong, but * * * he's my grandfather.

ROYCE: I'm afraid, Conway, that even the fact of his being your grandfather doesn't prevent me thinking him a very great poet, a very great philosopher, and a very great man.

OLIVER: (*Interested.*) I say, do you really mean that, or are you just quoting from the Address * * *.

ROYCE: Well, it's in the Address, but then I wrote the Address.

OLIVER: * * * To Oliver Blayds on his ninetieth birthday; Homage from some of the younger writers * * *. The old boy will love it. But do they *really* feel like that about him * * *. I've always thought of him as old-fashioned, early Victorian, and that kind of thing.

ROYCE: Oh, he is. Like Shakespeare. Early Elizabethan and that kind of thing * * *.

OLIVER: * * * If you say that Blayds' poetry is as good as the best, I'll take your word for it. Blayds the poet, *you're* the authority. Blayds the grandfather, *I* am.

ROYCE: All right then, you can take my word for it that his best is as good as the best. (*To picture.*) Simple as Wordsworth, sensuous as Tennyson, passionate as Swinburne * * *.

Oliver tells Royce he is secretary to a politician, whereas he wants to be a motor engineer, but is not allowed to be.

ROYCE: * * * Oliver Blayds is a very great

Ira D. Schwarz

BLAYDS

man and also a very old man, and I think that while you live in the house of this very great man, the inconvenience to which his old age puts you—

OLIVER: * * * The whole point is that I don't *want* to live in his house. Do you realize I've never had a house * * * where I could ask people? I brought you this afternoon because you'd got permission to come anyhow with that Address * * *. But I shouldn't have dared to bring anybody else along * * *. Here we all are, and always have been, living not *our* life but *his* life.

Septima enters and she and Oliver flippantly discuss Blayds, to Royce's annoyance. Marion comes in to attend to the birthday letters of congratulation, and asks Oliver to show Royce over the house. Septima takes this occasion to ask her mother if she may leave home to share a studio with a girl friend and devote herself to her painting, and is met with the usual "We'll see what grandfather says." William Blayds-Conway, a prim, fussy little man of the Civil Service type, enters. He is secretary to Blayds and has collected material for a life of the great poet. He steps mincingly and every movement and gesture is clean-cut and precise.

WILLIAM: I still think it was very unwise for us to attempt to see anybody today. Naturally I made it very clear to Mr. Royce what a very unexpected departure this is from our usual practice. I fancy that he realizes the honor which we have paid to the younger school of writers. Those who are *knocking* at the door, so to speak * * *. (*To Septima, as she is leaving the room.*) Wait a moment, please. (*Takes a key out of his pocket and considers.*) Yes, yes (*goes to Septima*), you may show Mr. Royce the autograph letter from Queen Victoria, written on the occasion of your Grandmother's death. Be very careful, please. (*To Marion.*) I think he might be allowed to take it in his hands—don't you think so, Marion? (*Marion smiles assent.*) But lock it up immediately afterwards, and bring me back the key.

SEPTIMA: Yes, father. What fun he's going to have!

William gives minute directions for sorting the birthday letters and telegrams, for drinking Blayds' health, and dictates a special notice for the Times. Leaves the room with Marion. Isobel enters to arrange flowers, followed shortly by Royce, who had met and loved her eighteen years before. They stand silently looking at each other. He hums the refrain of a waltz. You can see she is remembering.

ISOBEL: How long ago was it?

ROYCE: Eighteen years.

ISOBEL: (*Who has lived fifty years since then.*) So little?

ROYCE: (*Distressed.*) Isobel!

ISOBEL: (*Remembering his name now.*) Austin.

ROYCE: It comes back to you?

ISOBEL: A few faded memories—and the smell of pine woods. And there was a band * * * that was the waltz they played * * *

ROYCE: I remember that pink cotton dress.

ISOBEL: Eighty years ago! Or it is only eighteen? And now we meet again. You married?

ROYCE: (*Uncomfortably.*) Yes.

ISOBEL: I hope it was happy.

ROYCE: No, we separated some years before she died * * *.

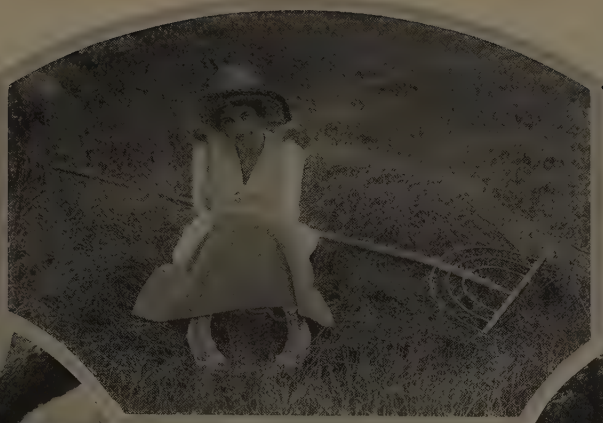
ISOBEL: My father will be coming in directly * * *.

ROYCE: * * * You are still looking after him?

ISOBEL: Yes.

ROYCE: For eighteen years * * *. And has it been worth it?

ISOBEL: He has written wonderful things in



ADELE ROWLAND

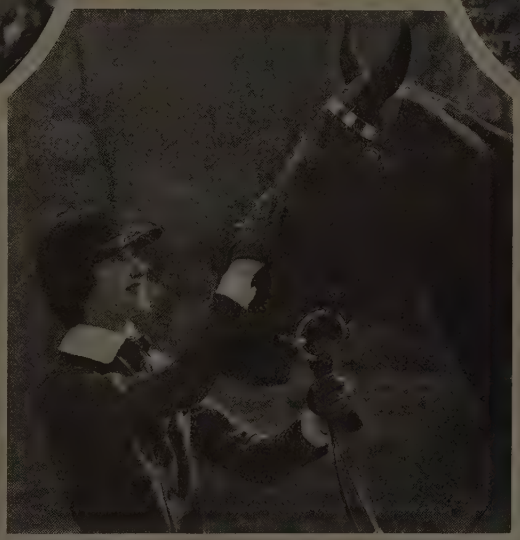
Succeeds in escaping from "Spice of 1922" and the Winter Garden a few times each week to make hay while the sun shines at "The Gables," her home in the Westchester hills at Chappaqua, New York

ELSIE FERGUSON

As a tree climber, looking over her summer domains at Southampton, Long Island, with her constant companion, "Mischief"

FLORENCE MOORE

With "Chum," two of the several stars who form the interesting theatrical colony on the Long Island Sound at Great Neck



O. P. HEGGIE

An inveterate yachtsman, at the helm of his latest skiff with a favorite pipe, in the waters of Cape Cod

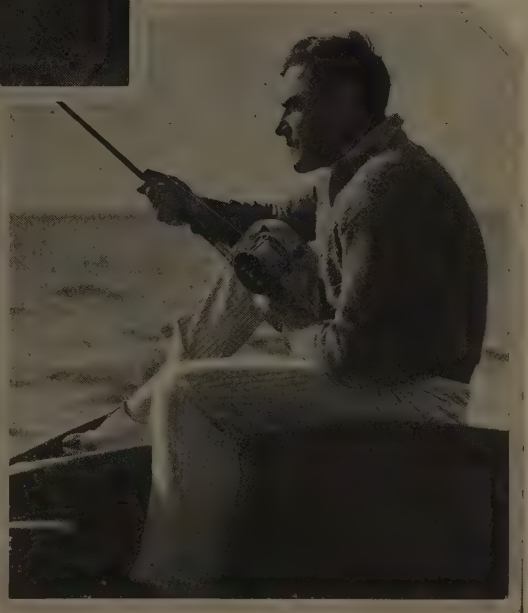
BERT LYTELL

A Waltonian of note, going after tuna fish aboard his catboat, the "Nancy," at Catalina Islands, California

Ira D. Schwarz

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

Who on any fair day—and some wet ones too—can usually be found along some bridle path here or abroad. This one happens to be in the woods near her summer home at Pelham Manor, N. Y.



Motif by Margaret Vale

A REST FROM THE CALL BOY

Some Popular Players Who Have Harkened to the Lure of Open Places

those years. Not very much, but very wonderful.

ROYCE: Yes, that has always been the miracle about him, the way he has kept his youth. And the fire and spirit of youth. You have helped him there. You might have looked after *me* those eighteen years * * *. That's always the problem, whether the old or the young have the better right to be selfish. You gave yourself to *him,* and he has wasted your life. I don't think *I* should have wasted it.

ISOBEL: I am proud of having helped him. Everything which he wrote will be his. Only I shall know how much of it was mine. That's something—no, not wasted * * *. I *did* want to marry you. But I couldn't. He wasn't an ordinary man * * *. He was Blayds * * *. It has been trying of course—such a very old man in body, although so young in mind—but it has not been for an old man that I have done it—but for the glorious young poet who has never grown up, and who wanted me * * *.

William comes fussily in, looking about to see that flowers, glasses for drinking Blayds' health, etc., are all in order * * *. Marion, Oliver and Septima enter. William indicates where each is to sit, etc. * * * There is a solemn silence of expectation. Blayds is wheeled into the room by Isobel. All rise.

BLAYDS: Good day to you all.

In turn, and as instructed by William, each one steps forward to congratulate Blayds, after which his health is drunk.

WILLIAM: Are we all ready? (*Toasts.*) Blayds!

BLAYDS: (*Moved as always by this.*) Thank you, thank you. (*Recovering himself.*) Is that the Jubilee port, William?

WILLIAM: Yes, sir * * *. (*Hands him glass.*)

BLAYDS: Mr. Royce, I will drink to you, and, through you, to all that eager youth which is seeking, each in his own way, for beauty. (*Raises his glass.*) May they find it at the last. (*He drinks.*)

ROYCE: Thank you very much, sir. I shall remember * * *.

Royce presents the Address, and as previously prompted by Isobel, praises his 1863 volume, much to Blayds' delight. He tells Royce some reminiscences.

BLAYDS: * * * I went to Court once * * * I had a new pair of boots. They squeaked. They squeaked all the way from London to the Isle of Wight. The Queen was waiting for me at the end of a long room. I squeaked in. I bowed; I squeaked my way up to her. * * * I just stood shifting from one foot to the other, and squeaking. She said: "Don't you think Lord Tennyson's poetry is very beautiful?" and I squeaked and said "Damn these boots." * * * Isobel knows all my stories * * *. When you're ninety they know all your stories * * *. I'll tell you one you *don't* know, Isobel. * * * George Meredith told me this. Are you fond of cricket, Mr. Royce?

ROYCE: Yes, very.

BLAYDS: So was Meredith, so was I. * * * A young boy playing for his school. The important match of the year; he gets his colors only if he plays, you understand? Just before the game began he was sitting in one of those * * * deck chairs, when it collapsed, his hand between the hinges. Three crushed fingers, no chance of playing, no colors. At that age a tragedy; it seems that one's whole life is over * * *. But if once the match begins with him, he has his colors, whatever happens afterwards. * * * He keeps his hand in his pocket; nobody has seen the accident, nobody guesses. His side is in first. * * * When his turn comes to bat he forces a glove over the crushed fingers and goes to the wicket. He makes nothing—that doesn't matter—he is the wicket keeper and has gone in last. But * * * he knows what an unfair thing he has done to his school to let them start their game with a cripple. It is impossible now to confess. So, in between the innings he arranges another accident with his

Ira D. Schwarz

SEPTIMA AND OLIVER

find a new and glorious liberty following the death of the illustrious tyrant

chair and falls back on it with his fingers, his already crushed fingers this time, in the hinges. So nobody ever knew. Not until he was a man, and it all seemed very little and far away * * *.

ROYCE: Lord, what pluck! I think I should have forgiven him for that.

BLAYDS: Yes, an unfair thing to do, but having done it he carried it off in the grand manner. * * * I can tell you another story, Isobel, which you don't know—of another boy who carried it off. * * * No, not now, but I shall tell you one day. Yes, I shall have to tell you. * * * I shall have to tell you.

Blayds seems suddenly very old and tired and Royce quietly withdraws.

BLAYDS: Hold me tight. (*His head on Isobel's breast.*) I'm frightened. Did I tell you about the boy—who carried it off?

ISOBEL: Yes, dear, you told me.

BLAYDS: No, not that boy—the other one. Are we alone, Isobel? * * * Listen, Isobel, I want to tell you about * * *.

ISOBEL: Tell me tomorrow, dear.

BLAYDS: There are no tomorrows when you are ninety * * *.

ISOBEL: Very well, dear, tell me now.

BLAYDS: Yes, yes, come close. * * * Listen, Isobel. (*He draws her still closer and begins.*) Isobel. * * * (*The curtain falls.*)

ACT II opens four days later after the death and funeral of the great Oliver Blayds. Oliver and Septima have been much impressed by the awe-inspiring ceremony, enormous crowds of people, etc., and at last appreciate what a really great man Blayds was. They decide to retain the "Blayds" in their name. William and Marion enter, followed by Isobel.

WILLIAM: * * * I am more than ever convinced that Oliver Blayds' rightful resting place was the Abbey * * * even if he expressed the wish in his last moments for a quiet interment.

ISOBEL: He never expressed the wish one way or the other. * * * There is something I have to tell you all. Will you please listen, all of you. * * * I told you that father didn't want to be buried in the Abbey, not because he had said so, but because it was quite impossible * * * because he had done nothing to make him worthy of that honor. * * * You may think I'm mad, I'm not—I wish I were. * * * There were two young men living together in rooms in Islington nearly seventy years ago. Both poor, ambitious, * * * very certain of their destiny. But only one of them was a genius. * * * He knew that he had not long to live. * * * The poetry came bubbling out of him, and he wrote it down feverishly, intent only on recording the melodies of this divine spirit within him. * * * He had no thought of fame—he was content to live unknown so that when dead he might live forever. His friend was ambitious in a different way. He wanted the present delights of fame. He had talent, but it was outstripped by his ambition. So they lived together, one * * * always writing; the other writing and then stopping to think how famous he was going to be. * * * The poet grew very ill. Then one day there was no more writing. The poet was dead. * * * The poet had no friends but this one, no relations of whom he had ever spoken or who claimed him now. * * * It was left to his friend to see that he won *now* that immortality for which he had given his life—his friend betrayed him! * * * One can see the temptation. There he was, this young man of talent, of great ambition, and there were these works of genius lying at his feet. * * * I suppose that like every other temptation it came suddenly. He writes out some of the verses * * * and sends them to a publisher. One can imagine the publisher's natural acceptance of the friend as the true author, the friend's awkwardness in undeceiving him—his sudden determination to make the most of his opportunity. One can imagine many things, but what remains? Always and always this—that Oliver Blayds was not a poet; that he did not write the works attributed to him; and that he betrayed his friend. (*She stops; then says in an ordinary voice.*) That was why I thought he ought not to be buried in the Abbey.

The family is completely stunned at the news and fancy Isobel must be mistaken.

WILLIAM: * * * When did he tell you?

ISOBEL: That last evening. * * * He seemed frightened suddenly—of dying. I suppose he'd always meant to tell somebody before he died. * * *

Study by Maurice Goldberg

DESHA *in* THE BUBBLE DANCE

This admirable camera-charcoal of the well-known dancer marks outstandingly the great advances being made in photographic art. It was an honor winner at the recent international convention of the knights of the lens at Buffalo

Schwarz
WILLIAM

WILLIAM: * * * The manuscripts were kept by Oliver Blayds for sixty years * * * can you explain how it was that he didn't publish them earlier if he had had them in his possession all those years?

ISOBEL: He didn't dare to. He was afraid of being left with nothing to publish. He took care always to have something in reserve. And that's why everybody said how vigorous and youthful his mind was at eighty. * * * Yes, it was the spirit and fire of youth, but a youth who died seventy years ago.

It develops that Blayds actually wrote the 1863 volume himself, but when it met with severe criticism, he went hastily back to his friend's works, and never ventured by himself again. This accounted for his joy whenever the 1863 volume was praised. They discuss the money gained from the publication of the books. Isobel says they have no right to any of it. The rest of the family, however, maintain that after provision is made for any possible heirs of Jenkins, the dead young poet, the rest of the fortune is rightfully theirs, Blayds having at least arranged for the publication of the books and being entitled to claim a commission, as well as the proceeds from the 1863 volume.

ISOBEL: One can't argue about it. You feel it or you don't. I give up my share of the money, so there should be plenty for all of you, even after you have been "fair" to the others.

WILLIAM: (*Who has felt Isobel's scorn deeply.*) Isobel, I don't think you can realize how much you have hurt me. I suppose this appalling revelation has meant more to me than to anyone in this room. * * * It means the end of my lifework, the end of a career. * * * I gave up whatever other ambitions I may have had and I set myself from that day on to live for one thing only, Oliver Blayds. It was a great pride to me to be his son-in-law, a great pride to be his secretary, but the greatest pride of all was the thought that I was helping others to know and to love that very great poet, that very great man, Oliver Blayds. * * * I think I have some right to bear resentment against this man who has tricked me, who has been making a fool of me for all these years. When I think of the years of labor I have spent already in getting the materials together for this man's life; when I think how I have listened to him and taken down his every word; when I think that tomorrow I am to be held up to the derision of the world for a gullible fool, I think I have a right to be angry. * * * You can understand that to me it is absolutely crushing.

ISOBEL: And to me? What has it been to me? I might have been a wife, a mother, with a man of my own, children of my own. * * * I might have had a little girl of my own to be my friend, and we could have had secrets together about my man, our man. * * * He asked me to marry him. * * * I sent him away. I said that I must stay with my father, Oliver Blayds, the great poet, because I was necessary to him. * * * You thought I like nursing. "A born nurse"—I can hear you saying it. I *hated* it. Do you know what it's like nursing a sick old man, day after day, night after night? And then year after year. Always a little older, a little more difficult. Do you know what it is to live always with old age and never with youth, and to watch your own youth gradually creeping up to join his old age? I told myself that it was worth it, because when he died, when I died, I should be part of the immortal Blayds, forever and ever, sharing his immortal poetry. And look at me now. All wasted. The wife I might have been. The mother I might have been. Ah, how happy we could have made our man, my little girl and I.

They quietly leave her, and she buries her head in her arms.

ACT III opens three days later. Royce is working at desk preparatory to making a public statement about Blayds' fraud. Oliver enters and tells Royce he thinks Blayds was laboring under an hallucination when he made his confession. Isobel comes in, followed later by William, who asks Royce to search for some missing pass books. William too is possessed by the "hallucination" idea and has, of course, convinced Marion, who enters excitedly.

Schwarz
ISOBEL

MARION: Have you heard the wonderful news * * * about grandfather's hallucination? I always felt that there must have been some mistake. And now our faith is justified, as faith always is. Poor dear grandfather. He was so very old. And the excitement of that last day—his birthday—and perhaps the glass of port. I shall never forgive myself for having doubted. * * *

ISOBEL: Then you won't *want* that pass book now?

MARION: Pass book?

WILLIAM: Oh—ah—yes, the Jenkins Fund.

MARION: But of course there is no Jenkins now, so there can't be a Jenkins Fund.

ISOBEL: (*To William.*) You're quite happy about the money then?

WILLIAM: (*Who obviously isn't.*) Er—yes—I—That is to say that, while absolutely satisfied that this man Jenkins never existed, I—at the same time—perhaps to be on the safe side—there are certain charities, for distressed writers and so on, and perhaps one would feel—you see what I mean.

ISOBEL: Yes, it's what they call conscience money, isn't it? (*Enter Royce.*) Mr. Royce, we have some news for you. We have decided that the man Jenkins never existed. Isn't it nice?

ROYCE: Never existed?

ISOBEL: He was just an hallucination.

ROYCE: (*Laughing.*) * * * That's rather funny. For what do you think I've got here? (*He holds up a piece of paper.*) Stuck in his old pass book. Jenkins' will!

MARION: It must be another Jenkins. Because we've just decided that our one never lived.

ISOBEL: (*Reading.*) "To Oliver Blayds, who has given me everything, I leave everything." And then underneath "God bless you, dear Oliver."

ROYCE: Well, that settles the money side of it, anyway. Whatever should have been the other man's came rightfully to Oliver Blayds.

ISOBEL: Except the immortality. * * *

ROYCE: * * * Well, what are you going to do?

ISOBEL: What can I do but tell the world the truth?

ROYCE: H'm! I wonder if the world will be grateful?

ISOBEL: Does that matter? The truth is an end in itself. * * * Call it truth or call it beauty, it's all we're here for.

ROYCE: * * * The trouble is that the truth about Blayds won't seem very beautiful. There's your truth, and then there's William's truth too. To the public it will seem not so much like Beauty as like an undignified family squabble.

ISOBEL: It seems so unfair that this poor dead boy should be robbed of the immortality which he wanted.

ROYCE: Hasn't he got it? There are his works. Didn't he have the happiness and pain of writing them? How can you do anything for him now? It's just pure sentiment, isn't it? * * *

ISOBEL: I keep telling myself that I want the truth to prevail—but is it only that? Or is it that I want to punish him—he hurt me so. All those years he was pretending that I helped him.

ROYCE: As he said, he carried it off.

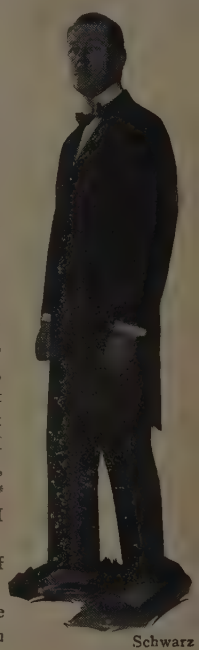
ISOBEL: Yes, he carried it off. Oh, he had his qualities, Oliver Blayds. * * * A great man; a little man, but never quite my father.

ROYCE: A great man, I think, * * *. (*Picking up statement he had prepared for the public.*) Then I can tear up this.

ISOBEL: Yes, let us bury the dead and forget about them. (*Royce throws document into fire.*)

ROYCE: Isobel!

ISOBEL: Ah, but she's dead too * * * she died eighteen years ago, that child.



Schwarz
ROYCE

ROYCE: Then introduce me to her mother.

ISOBEL: Mr. Royce, let me introduce you to my mother—thirty-eight, poor dear. (*Bowing.*) How do you do, Mr. Royce? I have heard my daughter speak of you.

ROYCE: How do you do, Mrs. Blayds. I'm glad to meet you because I once asked your daughter to marry me. * * * She said, like all properly brought up girls, "you must ask my mother." So now I ask her—"Isobel's mother, will you marry me?" * * *

ISOBEL: I'm afraid to. I shall be so jealous.

ROYCE: Jealous? Of whom?

ISOBEL: Of that girl we call my daughter. You

(*Continued on page* 184)

Ganjiro Nakamura, of Osaka, Japan's leading actor and something of a god to the theatre-loving multitudes of the flowery kingdom. Though nearly sixty, Ganjiro is most famous for his enactment of Japan's classic lover rôles, his mastery of make-up concealing his age

Ganjiro as Jihei, a hero conceived by the dramatist Chikamutsu two hundred years ago

Ganjiro possesses a grace of expression and subtlety of gesture rare to any stage, as well as the ability to play both comedy and tragedy equally well. Here he is seen as Yuranosuke, a noted rôle which emphasizes the Japanese sense of fidelity to their overlord

Chosoburo, Ganjiro's elder and favorite son, himself an actor of unusual ability, in the part of an itinerant wine vendor. His father's great good fortune began the day of Chosoburo's birth

Chosoburo in the costume of a professional dancer

(*Left*) Senjaku, Ganjiro's younger son, as a nurse girl. As in Shakespearean days, the Japanese stage constantly uses boys for feminine rôles

IN THE NIPPONESE FOOT-LIGHTS

Two Generations of An Illustrious Family of Japanese Players

FIRST ROW—from left to right
AL JOLSON
JOHN EMERSON
ANITA LOOS
IRVING BERLIN
DAVID BELASCO
LENORE ULRIC
JOHN BARRYMORE
MICHAEL STRANGE

SECOND ROW—from left to right
ANNA PAVLOWA
JOSEF HOFMAN
REINA BELASCO GEST
JOHN DREW
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
MARIE JERITZA
GIULIO GATTI-CASAZZA
GERALDINE FARRAR
MARY GARDEN

THIRD ROW—from left to right
ELSIE DE WOLFE
ARTHUR BRISBANE
MRS. WM. RANDOLPH HEARST
HENRY BLACKMAN SELL
CONDE NAST
IRENE CASTLE
FRANK CROWINSHIELD
MRS. H. PAYNE WHITNEY
KENNETH MacGOWAN
ALAN DALE
RAY LONG

FOURTH ROW—from left to right
SAM BERNARD
MARILYN MILLER
ED WYNN
MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN
CHAS. DANA GIBSON
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
MRS. LYDIG HOYT
FRANKLIN P. ADAMS
NEYSA McMEIN
HEYWOOD BROUN
DORIS KEANE
PERCY HAMMOND

FIFTH ROW—from left to right
MORANZONI
ANN MORGAN
BURNS MANTLE
MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT
WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT
S. JAY KAUFMAN
HERBERT SWOPE
WALTER CATLETT
SOPHIE BRASLAU
DOROTHY GISH
DAVID W. GRIFFITH
LILLIAN GISH
ELIZABETH MARBURY
LEON ERROL
ZOE AKINS

LOWER RIGHT BOX—from left to right
FEODOR CHALIAPINE
LUCREZIA BORI
MADAME ALDA

LEFT UPPER BOX—from left to right
MAUDE ADAMS
JOHN McCORMACK
CHARLES CHAPLIN
MARECHAL JOFFRE

RIGHT UPPER BOX—from left to right
LAURETTE TAYLOR
FRANCES STARR
CLARE SHERIDAN
HARTLEY MANNERS

RALPH BARTON'S SUPER-CARICATURE HANGS

Probably the Most Unusual and Striking Gallery Ever Executed of Humorous Likenesses

FOYER S. R. O.—from left to right
A. D. LASKER
SAMUEL L. ROTHAPFEL
NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
RALPH BARTON
JESSE LASKY
EDWARD ZIEGLER
WILLIAM GUARD
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
J. J. SHUBERT
LEE SHUBERT
F. RAY COMSTOCK
MORRIS GEST
OLIVER SAYLER
BORIS ANISFELD
ROBERT EDMOND JONES
RING LARDNER
STEPHEN RATHBUN
ARMAND VESZY
ANDREAS DE SEGUROLA
PAPI
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

SIXTH ROW—from left to right
ADOLF ZUKOR
ROBERT G. WELSH
FAY BAINTER
LAWRENCE REAMER
GERTRUDE HOFFMAN
WALTER DAMROSCH
MARY NASH
WILHELM MENGELBERG
CHARLES DARNTON
OTTO H. KAHN
FRANK A. MUNSEY
FLO ZIEGFELD
ARTURO BODANSKY
ADOLPH OCHS
JOHN RUMSEY

SEVENTH ROW—from left to right
LUDWIG LEWISOHN
GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LYNN FONTANNE
MARC CONNELLY
GEO. M. COHAN
JOHN MacMAHON
HENRY KREHBIEL
MRS. HENRICO CARUSO
BEN-AMI
DOROTHY DALTON
DAVID WARFIELD
ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

EIGHTH ROW—from left to right
KARL KITCHEN
ANTONIO SCOTTI
FANNY HURST
HUGO REISENFELD
VERA FOKINA
MICHEL FOKINE
AVERY HOPWOOD
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
ANNA FITZIU
REGINALD VANDERBILT
DR. FRANK CRANE
JASHA HEIFETZ

NINTH ROW—from left to right
EUGENE O'NEILL
PROF. ROERICH
JOSEPH URBAN
ARTHUR HORNBLOW
PAUL MEYER
ELSIE JANIS
PAUL BLOCK
JOHN FARRAR
SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
HERBERT HOOVER
JOHN GOLDEN
WINCHELL SMITH
JAY GOULD

S A CURTAIN AT THE CHAUVE-SOURIS

f All New York's Great and Near-Great in the World of Art, Letters and the Drama

Amsterdam Does Something New

America May See International Exhibition of the Theatre Which Has Awakened World-Wide Interest

By CARLTON MILES

THREE facts impress themselves on the American student of the theatre who visits Europe—the purity of Italian acting, the perfection of German mechanism and the thoroughness of Dutch production. The first two are well-worn themes; less is known of the theatre of Holland than of other countries. Supporters of the municipal theatre for our native cities would find much to study, however, in the repertory systems of Amsterdam and the Hague. Nowhere in Europe, save in Russia, are there two better-conducted municipal playhouses. And it remained for the Dutch to lead the art movement of the stage by assembling in Amsterdam recently the first world exhibition of stage settings and designs. Such favorable notice was given this collection that it is now on view at the South Kensington museum in London and it may be brought to the United States this fall.

A CARNIVAL OF ARTISTS

THE exhibition, shown in the Steldjik, or municipal museum, was sponsored by an Amsterdam association called "Art for the People." Each year this organization conducts a special showing of art objects. It may be period furniture, Chinese vases, modern paintings. This year it collected designs and stage models from the leading workers in a dozen countries. The project was carried out by H. Th. Wijdeveld, a noted Dutch architect, whose own plans for a people's theatre in Amsterdam soon are to be realized. Wijdeveld wrote to every available scenic artist and designer, journeyed to Germany and to England to collect drawings, gathered them in the Steldjik museum and, with the assistance of Frits Lensvelt, arranged them in a comprehensive exhibition. Gordon Craig came from Italy to lecture; Sheldon Cheney, the American author, climbed ladders and hung drawings in place; Leopold Jessner traveled from the Stadtschauspielhaus in Berlin, Oscar Strnad journeyed from Vienna and Jacques Copeau from Paris. For two months this collection was opened daily to the public while in the lecture room below various phases of what loosely is called "the new movement in the theatre" were discussed by well-known leaders. In addition, a library of modern works on the drama was arranged by Paul Huf, an actor of the Staatschowburg, the municipal theatre of Amsterdam.

The dominating impression was the artfulness of arrangement. Save for the first room, dedicated to Adolph Appia and Gordon Craig, the others were representative of each country. So provocative was the method of displaying these drawings that the casual visitor was led from room to room to find himself at length in a large chamber in which were 30 or 40 stage models, of which those by the late C. Lovat Fraser for "The Beggar's Opera," were the most interesting.

I asked Wijdeveld how he managed to combine so many drawings into an exhibition that concentrated attention on the important things.

"We were given one large room," he said. "I did not wish that. It would give too bare an effect. With the use of light board material I built half a dozen rooms, had the walls a uniform gray, made futuristic designs in bright colors for the entrance and the various doorways, constructed a false ceiling of cheesecloth falling like a tent and behind this concealed the lights, thus giving a softness we otherwise could not have obtained."

The futurist entrance to the International Exhibition of Theatrical Art in the Steldjik Museum in Amsterdam

The Appia-Craig room at once seized the visitor. There were large shadowy designs by Appia for "Die Walkure," "Orpheus," "Parsifal" and "Prometheus." There were restful drawings in gray and black—under glass covers as were all the designs in the exhibition—by Gordon Craig for "Hamlet," "Iphigenia" and "Peer Gynt." Craig also had three stage models, arrangements of white screens and stairways, adaptable for the idealistic drama.

Of the other countries, Germany, as was to have been expected, led, although the Germans established no homogeneity of mood. The scenic artists there apparently are working from many angles. Ernst Stern was represented by costume and scenic designs executed for the Max Reinhardt theatres, for Romain Rolland's "Danton," for "The Miracle," "Don Juan," "Lysistra," "Sumyrun" and "Turandot." Hans Poelzig sent designs for "Hamlet" costumes and five photographs of the Grossesshauspielhaus of Berlin, of which he was the architect. There were drawings by Oscar Klein, Rochus Gliese, Maxim Frey, Herman Krehan, Ludwig Berger, Emil Orli, Julius Hay, Edward Suhur, Oscar Kaufmann, Otto Reigbert, Adolph Mahnke, Max Unold, Leo Pasettit, Wilhelm Schulz, Julius Diez, Emil Pirchan, Jurt Kempin, Ludwig Sievert and Hans Wildermann. These names are given to show how thoroughly the modern movement holds the German artist.

France and Russia were scantily represented; few French artists exerted themselves to send decorations; the latter because of present conditions. There were costume studies by Leon Bakst and scenic drawings by Theodor Komisarjevsky. The work of the Vieux Columbier, in Paris, with Louis Jouvet's designs for stage settings, were the most notable things from France. Sweden had but one representative, Isaac Grunewald, who had a design for "Samson and Delilah."

AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTION

IT is a matter for regret that no American artists sent color designs. All the American contributions were black and white photographs and the visitors to the museum could carry away no idea of the amazing work of our own artists. Robert Edmond Jones had designs for "Macbeth," "Richard III" and Sydney Howard's "Swords." Lee Simonson sent photographs for several of his Theatre Guild sets, including "The Faithful" and "The Power of Darkness," as well as for "Martinique." Norman Bel Geddes displayed settings for Dante's "Divine Comedy" and for "King Lear," while Joseph Urban, whose later work has been done in the United States, offered settings for "Parsifal," "Pelleas and Melisande" and "L'Amore dei Tre Re." The others embraced Maxwell Armfield, Raymond Jonson, Ernest De Weerth, John Wenger and Sam Hume, the last named showing scenes from Shakesperian productions at the Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit and at the University of California. But there was nothing from Rollo Peters or Livingston Platt. The Benda masks were not shown nor any of the settings devised by the Provincetown Players, notably for "Emperor Jones." The American visitor could not but resent the haste with which the Amsterdam people passed through this gallery to the more

(*Continued on page* 182)

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Sending his opinion concerning picture censorship through the air from a government broadcasting station to several hundred thousand movie fans who have become radio fans as well

Juley

THERESA HELBURN

Executive Director of the Theatre Guild and largely responsible for that organization's marked success. From an oil portrait of the modern school done recently by Marion Beckett

White

NIKITA BALIEFF

There is no reason we know why the genial *compère* of the Chauve-Souris should look so disgusted with the excellent carved likeness of one of the "Wooden Soldiers" whose march has helped bring him fame. Perhaps it's because of New York's heat, but even that isn't so bad on the Century Roof, the present home of the Russian vaudevillians

MARIA BAZZI

An emotional actress of considerable repute in Italy, where she has enacted the leading rôles of continental dramatists. New York will see her for the first time in October in "The Inevitable," a new play by Charlotte E. Wells

Garcia Stein

MARIO CARILLO

In Italy none other than the Count Mario Caracciolo di Melito, who has abandoned the circles of aristocracy for the films. Count Caracciolo has appeared opposite Irene Castle and bids to rival Valentino as an interpreter of lover rôles

Ira L. Hill

THE MOVING WORLD

A Page of Interesting Personalities Here and There

dressing room during the second act, after a hard day at golf. When the time came for his next scene the frantic stage manager, in desperation at not being able to find Mr. Ellis, dashed onto the stage himself and began delivering the lines. Quite apart from the astonished company were the startled faces of the unfortunate audience, who were called upon to solve a further mystery, in this play of mysteries, as to why a character should suddenly so change his stature, face and dress.

ADELE BLOOD is joining the ranks of players who feel impelled to try the Orient. She is to tour Honolulu, Japan, China, Malay Peninsula, India, Egypt and Russia. Among the plays which she will do in those countries are "Anna Christie," "The Woman of Bronze" and "The Goldfish."

HINT OF NEW ULRIC PLANS

LENORE ULRIC is eventually to step from the shoes of "Kiki" into those of "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," according to Belasco plans, "as heard on Broadway." The latter play is by St. John Ervine and it is a comedy. Mr. Belasco secured the American rights to it while he was in London last summer.

I saw PEARL WHITE on Fifth Avenue the other day. The last time was a year ago in Bermuda where she went to do a picture with a flock of wild tigers. In the meantime she's been in Paris in a revue at the Casino de Paris which I understand was awful. (Dull, not wicked!) In fact it was so bad that the poor old theatre burned down in its successful effort to get rid of the entertainment it was housing.

AVERY HOPWOOD, a rising young playwright, who, they say is never happy unless he has six shows running at once, says of a chorus girl friend of his who has risen recently to some little fame that since her success she has broadened her "A's" but narrowed her acquaintances!

WALTER WANGER is in London running Convent Garden as a movie house. He tried the Fairbanks "Three Musketeers" but the world's biggest town didn't fall for the high prices.

ROBERT MANTELL and his wife, GENEVIEVE HAMPER, who returned to America after a two months pleasure tour of Europe, last June, will play in Shakespearian repertoire again this winter and then they are planning to take their company to Japan for a three months engagement in Shakespeare. Robert, Jr., Mantell's fifteen year old son is acting with them.

Every one is wondering just how long ARNOLD DALY will remain under the management of Joseph M. Gaites who plans starring him in "The Monster." Nearly every season Mr. Daly seems to have a new manager. Changing them appears to be the greatest of all indoor sports to the redoubtable Arnold. (As we go to press news arrives that the clash has come. The incorrigibly hot-headed star has marched out of rehearsals because of some trifling quarrel and will go into vaudeville.)

RIOT AT WINTER GARDEN

IF all chorus girls decided to break up their dressing rooms every time a musical comedy failed there would indeed be chaos in the theatre. Broadway is still commenting on the action of the fair choristers in "Make It Snappy," at the Winter Garden, who became furious when the show closed last July and proceeded to wreck the dressing rooms. It appears that they had anticipated a summer's engagement. Much damage is reported to have been done before their anger was finally appeased. And, of course, for obvious reasons, the police were not called in.

It is rarely that two stars appear simultaneously in a new play in two different cities. Present plans call for the appearance of LOU TELLEGEN and WILLIAM FAVERSHAM in "On the Stairs," a new mystery drama by William J. Hurlbut—Tellegen in Chicago and Faversham in New York. There is no record of this theatrical experiment ever having been made before.

MARY YOUNG was being interviewed by J. Harry Benrimo and insisted on calling him "Mr. Rimo," much to Mr. Benrimo's irritation. Immediately after, walking down the street with her husband, John Craig, they met his friend, Mr. Ben Roeder. On introducing his wife to Ben Roeder she proceeded to call him "Mr. Benroeder." When they parted Craig asked his wife why she had constantly referred to him as "Benroeder," to which Miss Young replied: "John, dear, I simply can't get them straight. I just met Ben Rimo and was told it was one name, so I presumed the same of Ben Roeder."

IRENE CASTLE has listened to the lure of the West and is about to proceed to the Coast, where she will appear during the last three months of the year. Her dancing partner will be Ward Crane.

The haze of mystery that has surrounded MRS. FISKE'S plans for the past year has been dispelled if the rumor has any truth in it that she is considering the part of Mrs. Upton in Katherine Haviland Taylor's story, "Mrs. Upton Has Her Fling," which has been dramatized by Hadley Waters and re-titled "Good Gracious, Mother." A. H. Woods is to produce the play. Stranger things have happened in the theatre than the appearance of Mrs. Fiske under the Woods' banner.

HULL HAS HORSESHOE

WHEN HENRY HULL was approached by the financially weak organization that planned bringing "The Cat and the Canary" into New York he was asked if instead of his usual salary he would accept half of it, plus a share of the possible profits. Having faith in the play, Hull snapped his fingers at care and took the plunge. As everyone knows, the piece is one of the big financial winners of the past season and still goes strong. Brother Hull's share is uncertain from week to week but it hasn't yet gone below *twice* his usual salary!

YANCSI DOLLY and CLIFTON WEBB are very much the rage in Paris. They dance nightly at the Acacia. Meanwhile poor MAURICE lies desperately ill with tuberculosis at Deauville.

I hear MARGUERITE CLARKE may return to the boards this year. She has not been seen in the legit since "Prunella."

It has been definitely decided that HARRY BERESFORD is to play the principal part in the play based upon Don Marquis' amusing character, the "Old Soak." Mr. Marquis has made the dramatization himself and the play will be produced by Arthur Hopkins. Those who have read the play in manuscript form prophesy that it will be another "Lightnin.'" Incidentally, it may be mentioned that George Fawcett was to have created the part of the "Old Soak" but the plans miscarried in some way and it is rumored that considerable unpleasantness arose when Mr. Hopkins finally announced that Beresford had been selected.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, the American baritone, has scored a big success in London and Paris on the concert stage. He is expected to return on September 1st for a concert tour here.

"Marjolaine" will be done in London with MAGGIE TEYTE in the title rôle. PEGGY WOOD will probably appear in the piece when it goes on tour here.

BIG NAMES FOR AMERICAN CHAUVE-SOURIS

NOVEMBER 6th is the date set for the first performance to be given by a group called "The Forty Niners," at the Punch and Judy Theatre under the auspices of GEORGE C. TYLER. The program will be made up of sketches and musical numbers, and the initial contributors, who are members of the group, will be ROBERT C. BENCHLEY, HEYWOOD BROUN, FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, MARC CONNOLLY, GEORGE ADE, HARRY LEON WILSON, DOROTHY PARKER, MONTAGUE GLASS, EUGENE O'NEILL, ARTHUR H. SAMUELS and BOOTH TARKINGTON. Certainly there could be no more distinguished group of writers in the country than those Tyler has lined up. Kaufman and Connolly, authors of "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies," will direct and prepare the programs of the new organization.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

T. L. Sweet, of the Class of 1922, Brown University, gave a splendid characterization of the Czar in the Sock and Buskin production of "The Nihilists"

THE PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB

Using the same cast that contributed to the joy and verve of their most recent musical comedy success, "Espanola," the Triangle players have broken their musical comedy tradition established by Booth Tarkington with his "Hon. Julius Caesar" twenty-five years ago, with the production of a serious play. Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple" was chosen as their first venture, the performance proving a surprise to the alumni who had been curious to know whether they could stage and act a serious play successfully. The scene above is from the first act, in which three Princeton ladies played the women's rôles. The Triangle's yearly musical comedy has grown to be an institution and it is to be hoped that this first attempt at serious drama may be the forerunner of others equally successful

The Sock and Buskin Society, Brown University, recently did a notable thing in producing Oscar Wilde's "The Nihilists"—probably the first time this play has been given since its original production. The scene above was taken at the end of the second act

A Yearly Pilgrimage

By W. E. ABRAHAM

OUR fathers trained us to work, not to play, to look for success, not happiness, career not life, and the result of their training is apparent in the hopeless muddle we have made of things in our day and generation. We were not taught to use our leisure rightly and so we spent that leisure getting into mischief. And failure to consider we needed play as well as work was the root cause of all the trouble.

Yet, as Schiller says, it is in play that a man feels himself matter, knows himself spirit and has a complete intuition of his humanity. It is the education of the play instinct that leads towards a higher appreciation of the best things in life, both in art and in morals.

We have discovered our mistake. A return is being made to better things. Here and there schools are beginning to give serious thought to the problem of aesthetic education and there are not wanting signs that the children of today are being taught to get more out of life than their fathers succeeded in getting. They are being trained as individual souls, not as "cannon fodder," they are being led to forsake the teachings of imperial Rome and return to the eternal ideals of Hellas.

For ideals never die, they are merely hidden for a season. Sometimes, they are to be found in the agora, sometimes they may be sought for in the hermit's cave. Awhile their altars may seem to be deserted, desecrated even, yet never through all the ages has there been wanting a hand to tend their sacred fires. When they seemed to have deserted the market place, men made pilgrimages to find them. So our fathers, in their hardy way, despising the religion of the cushioned pew, set out to find God in places where they knew he loved to be, in stables and gardens, for instance. With the increase of cushioned pews, the pilgrim idea seems to have transferred itself from religion to art, yet the essential idea of a pilgrimage is always religious. A visit to the old home, years after, what is it if not an attempt to revive in ourselves lost faiths, forgotten ideals? And for those of the market place who find themselves growing pessimistic over the results of wrong ideas of education, the writer would recommend a pilgrimage to a shrine he knows of, a shrine where lost faiths are being revived, where forgotten ideals are being restored to pristine splendor.

It is not on Broadway. It is in a garden far away from the busy haunts of men. When you get there it seems Arcadia, but the prosaic circular refers to it as Millbrook, near Poughkeepsie. There, at the Bennett School of Liberal and Applied Arts, one will find a shrine dedicated to the eternal ideals of Greece, a school which resolutely turns away from all merely utilitarian standards, a home where art is considered an essential in life, not a mere frill to be added or not at pleasure. Here, no art is neglected.

THE present year marks a fresh advance in their work through the addition of a Greek theatre to "the plant." Here Euripides is played with such reverent love, understanding and sympathy that it is enough to console the shade of the great poet for all the derision and misunderstanding he has suffered through the ages. "Alcestis" is the play for this year and its first performance on May thirteenth marked the dedication of the new theatre.

Mr. Horace Middleton, the composer of the music, has set several other plays and is rapidly becoming a past master in the art.

Mention must also be made of his setting of the Athenian dithyramb of Pindar, translated by Charles Rann Kennedy and used as a prelude to the play. Clad in the hues of spring, a chorus enters, singing and dancing around the altar of Dionysius.

Of these choral dances the genius and director is Miss Margaret Gage, who has become so infused with the Greek spirit that her creations seem like a temple frieze suddenly endowed with miraculous life. She is herself one of those rare personalities that seem always poised on tiptoe and ready for flight and the girls she trains have caught from this spiritual charm and grace.

Miss Gage also takes the name part in the play and no better choice could have been made. For, in "Alcestis," more than in any other of his heroines, Euripides has typified the upward looking woman who gradually attracts the Admetuses of the world away from inward and egotistical porings.

THE difficult and sometimes contemptible part of Admetus is in the all-capable hands of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, which is equivalent to saying that it is interpreted with authority. The sex of a part is to Miss Matthison a matter of no moment, it merely serves to show her extraordinary versatility. One remembers, in time past, how much a matter workaday commonplace it was for her to step from the winsome waywardness of a Rosalind to the remorseful agonies of a Lady Macbeth, and so it is not to be wondered at if her Admetus this year is quite as different and quite as beautiful as her Electra of last year's play. She has many gifts by nature, but the extraordinary power and flexible music of her voice is due to long years of travail and many passionate sympathies. For sympathies have a way of finding their own peculiar timbre. On this account they can never be feigned. Miss Matthison, taking Admetus into the wide circle of her sympathies, makes him a pathetic human figure, not a caricature of one vice as some of the Classical crackpots would interpret him to be.

The rôle of Heracles was assigned to Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, the director of the drama school. Peculiar *vraisemblance* was added to the part by the fact that Mr. Kennedy is a man of large mould and in contrast with his girl pupils he assumed proportions astonishingly Herculean. He was equally fitted for the part in other respects. For, being a dynamic person himself, Mr. Kennedy loves dynamic people. And Heracles is a "live wire." The vitality, vigor and inspiration of Mr. Kennedy's acting is very stimulating. It explains to us the secret of his success in directing the school of drama. Daily shocks from the Kennedean reservoir of faith, vision and enthusiasm would wake up dramatic feeling in the veriest dolt.

THE remaining parts in the play were entirely in the hands of the girl drama students and it is a further testimony to the training they have received from Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy when one says there is no feeling of want of balance between teachers and scholars. It is no overpraise to say that just as the new theatre is a perfect miniature of the theatre as used in ancient Greece, so the acting of the students is a perfect miniature compared to that of the more experienced actors. Add youth, beauty and grace and the lack of experience become a negligible quantity.

One thing more, however, must be considered without which youth, beauty, grace or technique would be ineffectual. The one thing needful is Faith. Therein lies the secret of the charm of the Bennett representations. The work is really approached in a religious spirit and the plays rendered as a religious act, "the Mass of Athens" as Mr. Kennedy has called it. This is the only way in which these plays can be acted. They never strive after effect, nor drag in patriotic or religious motifs with an eye to box office receipts, their whole aim is a striving with unbelievable patience and tireless pains to express some invisible immortal ideal in visible mortal forms. In this the Greeks attained a mastery given to no other nation and reached a standard of citizenship denied even to this age of aeroplanes and poisoned bombs.

The first performance of the "Alcestis" closed with a scene of enchanting loveliness. It closed, as it began, with Bindar's Athenian dithyramb together with an unrehearsed effect which added to the significance of the occasion. For, as the chorus slowly moved away, singing the ode, a shaft of sunlight, piercing between gray bars of cloud, pursued them as they went and bathed them in a glory of golden light. It was symbolic of the words they sang and the work they had done, work through which:

"Mysteries holy, in effulgent symbols
Burst into daylight."

(Above)
Margaret Gage, who directed the choral dances, also took the name part in the Greek play "Alcestis," presented in the new outdoor theatre at the Bennett School, under the direction of Charles Rann Kennedy and Edith Wynne Matthison. Miss Gage is shown with Mr. Kennedy and Miss Matthison in the rôles of Heracles and Admetus respectively, and the chorus of students

Photos Alice Boughton

In these strikingly beautiful scenes from "Alcestis," in which Charles Rann Kennedy and Edith Wynne Matthison appeared with their students at the Bennett School, color scheme played an important part in the costuming of the production. The chorus was costumed in soft heavy draperies in neutral tones of violet, blue and green with stenciled orange borders, their tunics and head bands of serpentine crepe dyed to match the draperies

Edith Wynne Matthison, in the rôle of Admetus, was impressive in a midnight blue tunic over a royal purple drapery stenciled in an all-over pattern in midnight blue, with headband to match, while Margaret Gage as Alcestis presented a lovely figure in sheer flowing material of clear light yellow, roughly pleated in archaic folds, her chiffon veil held in place by an amethyst-studded golden circlet

An Out-Door Production of The Alcestis of Euripides

Community Dramatic Activities

By ETHEL ARMES

Community Service, Incorporated

IN the forthcoming national Recreation Congress to be held in Atlantic City, October 9-12, Amateur drama will be among the major topics for discussion.

As a significant form of cultural activity Amateur Drama is coming to hold an important place in all community recreation plans. Churches, colleges, schools, settlements, clubs and organizations of various kinds are uniting in its development.

Dramatic Departments are being formed in numbers of colleges and schools that never before considered the subject worth while. Today Amateur Drama is at last becoming recognized as one of the great co-ordinating forces of education, the medium through which History, Literature, Painting, Music, Science and Handicraft may be co-related, vivified and thus brought to the acute realization of students. The work that has been done by Percy Mackaye, Frederick Koch, George W. Baker, Hazel Mackaye, Elizabeth Grimball, Constance Mackaye, Montgomery Cooper, Dorothy Coit, Nina B. Lamkin, Elizabeth Hanley, Corinne Fondé, Maude Scheerer, Joy Higgins, Percy Jewett Burrell, Elizabeth Edlund, Rosamund Kimball, Florence Wilbur, May Pashley Harris, Sue Ann Wilson, George Junkin, Edna Keith, Marjorie Day, Imogene Hogle, Pauline Oak, Minnette Zuver, Mabel Tallmadge, Dorothy Elderdice—and many others has reached thousands upon thousands of people, in large cities and small towns from Massachusetts to Florida, Florida to Texas and California — all through the Middle West and to the vast Northwest.

Every day this work, under such leadership, is bearing fruit.

Quite apart from The Little Theatre, the assembly hall, auditorium and campus productions are the numberless festivals, ceremonials, and holiday celebrations directly tied to the playground and physical recreation movement. Such classic Field Day patterns as have for instance been wrought out by Joy Higgins in Massachusetts in The Tourney of King Arthur's Day—by Dorothy Elderdice in Maryland in her Olympian Games Pageant, would serve to give royal background, poetic delight, inspiration to any college school, camp or playground in the land. And just as jolly sports!

Why not always have the physical activities thus linked with the cultural everywhere? So the topic—such a word for such a world!—will be set before the Recreation Congress. No one knows so far just what will be said or who will say it. Professor George Baker of Harvard will be one of the speakers, so will Dr. W. C. Horton of the Raleigh Players of Raleigh, N. C.—and many others.

THE purpose of this Congress, called by the Playgrounds and Recreation Association of America and Community Service (Incorporated) is to provide an opportunity for the men and women who are interested in increasing the sum total of recreational opportunities in their towns and cities to get together to share experiences and information.

City superintendents of parks and recreation, directors of community centers and settlements, church workers, directors of boys and girls clubs, teachers of physical education and child welfare experts are among those who will be present.

They will discuss recreation for big cities, for small towns and for rural districts. They will exchange opinions on such varied subjects as community drama, community music, neighborhood organization, home play, recreation in industries, recreation in connection with churches, compulsory physical education, the administration of municipal recreation camps, swimming pools and activities of all kinds for boys, girls and adults.

This is the Ninth Recreation Congress to be held in this country. Since the last Congress, called in 1916, the recreation movement has made such marked progress that this promises to eclipse all previous gatherings in interest. The lessons learned during the war in communities upon whom were thrust the responsibility for providing wholesome recreation for thousands of service men, and the experience which has grown out of it all in organizing community-wide recreation will be brought to this Congress.

THE Pageant of Towanda" was given on July 4th by the people of Towanda, Pa., Elizabeth H. Hanley directing. Few pageants have come nearer to the ideals of Community Service than this one, in that it was done largely by the people themselves and that they were brought together in all of the departments of the work, artistic, business, publicity, organization and general details, and inspired to initiative and achievement.

It was done with very little expense as the 300 participants furnished their own costumes. The music, of an exceptionally high order, was furnished without charge. The orchestra, comprised of Towanda High School girls and boys was directed by the Supervisor of Music in the schools, Miss Leah Chubbuck. The dances too were excellent, especially the Indian dances, and were directed by the teacher of physical education in the Towanda schools, Miss Elizabeth Snyder—just a slip of a girl. Young men and boys did the Warrior Dance. The work on the stage and grounds, the rooms for rehearsals, the music for rehearsals, chairs and tables were all contributed by the people. Refreshments were sold on the grounds. From four to five thousand people were present. The community organizer of Towanda

(*Continued on page* 200)

THE out-of-doors theatre now in process of construction, to be used for the first time in June, 1925, for the second presentation of the pageant commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington.

The historic town of Lexington, Mass., is decidedly forward-looking. Under the direction of Mr. J. Willard Hayden, Jr., it is starting the work of preparation for the pageant to be given in 1925—three years in advance! One of the interesting features of this well thought out theatre is its three stages. First, the artificial lagoon, which, when played upon by lights of varying degrees, will act as a curtain for the two stages in back of it—then the greensward, and just beyond it a raised plank stage on which will be set the buildings representing Lexington Common as it looked on the memorable morning of April 19th, 1775. Workshop and dressing rooms will be built beneath this stage. Long vistas are being cut through the natural woodland in the background making it possible to show advancing troops 1500 feet away from the stage itself. The Lexingtonians plan to make their pageant of 1925 the best in history, and if infinite care in the working out of details counts for anything, the success of the pageant is a foregone conclusion.

FASHION

As Interpreted by the Actress

Royal Atelier

THE Russian influence is seen again very noticeably in the first Fall costumes—the long waist line on frocks and jackets, with the wide bands of fur around the hips, the cape-manteau, the brilliant colorings, and metallic materials. . . And all these several features are incorporated in this costume from Boué Soeurs, of New York and Paris, which Miss Grace Thomas of the Famous Players wears. The main material of it is heavy crepe banded with black fox fur, while the blouse is a most unusual creation of rich gold and black metal cloth, combined with lingérie embroidery on cream color organdie and orange handmade roses with centers of gold.

Note the odd cut of the cape! If one is to include a cape in one's wardrobe, it must no longer be simple, but of a distinctive pattern, verging on the nature of a wrap. Note Miss Thomas's hat also, with its wide brim turning back from the face, the last word from Paris, and a mode of which you will see more later

THE BEAUTY OF THE NEW FROCKS

FOR EARLY AUTUMN ARE SHOWN

BY THREE OF THE BEAUTIES FROM

THE NEW 1922 FOLLIES

White Studios

The inspiration for this Renée frock came from two Grecian cameos which were mounted in gold beads and placed to hold the full panels swung from either side of the skirt. For the rest, the gown is in the new color for evening, green, and is worn by Miss Marie Shelton

A close-up of Miss Shelton showing the detail of the gold and pearl beading on her pale green frock, and her headdress of sparkling laurel leaves

Here are very new notes, indeed, in Miss Shelton's frock, not alone in the extreme length of the skirt and the side panels, but in the color of the frock which is a distinct olive. Crystal beading, done with exquisite care on olive chiffon, completely covers the gown, the narrow borders being of crystal bugle beads

This is not a frock and separate cape that Miss Helen Gates of the Follies is sporting, but a whole outer covering, what one calls a Russian manteau, the cape forming part of the garment. The material is Pauvelaine and the bands trimming it, as is fit and proper, are of sable. From Hickson

Chiffon having once again become a favorite fabric in Paris, Bonwit Teller makes the choicest daytime frock of it in navy blue embellished with narrow tucks across the bodice, on the full sleeves, and at the top of the skirt, adding as well rows of self-tabs. Miss Eva Grady of the Follies is its wearer

White Studios

Again Miss Eva Grady! Again in chiffon! This time in a dinner gown of black with the trimming Paris has fancied so much of late, ladies please take note, narrow fluted frills of valenciennes lace. From Bonwit Teller

What Every Actress Knows About Beauty

By MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

IN a practice so large that it extends all over the world, it may be imagined that I have met with many actresses. Of all the women whom I have treated and advised, I think those of the theatrical profession have proved the most intelligent and the most quickly responsive.

I often feel tempted to say to the people who believe in "letting Nature alone": "Just look at the actresses you see. Usually their complexions are lovely and, as they advance in years, they keep their looks far better than other women. Does it never occur to you to wonder why?"

Miss Maxine Elliott, whose beauty has stirred two continents, knows that her fine-textured ivory skin requires one type of treatment

As a beauty specialist there is nothing mysterious to me in the fact that women who use cosmetiques practically every night of their lives have healthier and more attractive skins than the people who never even use powder.

The actress has this one great advantage, of course. She is accustomed to *handling* the skin. She knows that she must watch her face—note whether the pores are becoming relaxed, or her skin is dry, and so on, and as her looks are vital to her career, she never lets things drift. She feeds her skin, and softens it, as a matter of course, in removing make-up. From seeing the effects of cleansing cream, she is easily able to understand the value of skin-stimulants and tonics, which are quite as important as creams and are not generally understood by the lay woman who has been taught that if she rouges, powders and creams her face, she knows all there is to beauty culture.

The actress also knows that to achieve certain effects in make-up she must use several preparations. She is not surprised, therefore, that she may have to do the same thing to secure certain complexion-effects that do not depend upon make-up. Constant watching of one's looks brings also a better understanding of the many circumstances that affect the skin. In cold weather, when the wind and low temperature make the skin fragile and inclined to line, very few "in the profession" would wash without first covering the face and throat with cream, so that the pores may be penetrated by some actively strengthening preparation at the same time that the surface dirt is being removed and the skin subjected to the drying after-effects of water.

I am talking, *bien entendu,* of the leaders of the theatre—those women whose success is a guarantee not only that they have brains but that they use them as well. I wish I could explain to the many women who, alas, know so little about beauty culture, the various methods that can be employed both to beautify the skin and to avert signs of age. The value of skin stimulants cannot be overestimated in keeping the complexion fresh and young. The only way in which the blood can be brought close to the surface, so that it may nourish the tissues, is by the application of a good stimulant. Even exercise will hasten the general circulation of the blood, without specifically bringing any flow to the face or throat, but a tonic or stimulant will hasten it just to the parts that need it. Directly a line or a wrinkle appears, it shows a lessening of skin activity. This is the whole cause of signs of age, and if you correct the cause, the disappearance of the effects follows logically.

Mlle. Sybil de Bray has an animated glowing complexion that well expresses her vivid personality

Even quite young women need stimulation to preserve the firmness of the contour and the tension of the skin, because everything that tires, everything that causes Nature's processes to slacken—such as a rushed day, or an anxious hour, or heavy responsibility, mental strain of any kind—reacts on the skin and gives it the worn, weary look that suggests age.

And Eve Lavalliere presents with her dark type of beauty and warm olive coloring a distinct contrast to the other three

Very few people have absolutely perfect skins. The skin, too, may be quite normal without being in the least beautiful. But most women have a tendency either to dryness of the skin or to shine, which is really oiliness.

And every preparation that is used should be of a character to correct its specific flaws. If the skin is oily the creams used should always be of an astringent kind and ought not to be left on for long, but worked briskly into the pores with a hot towel and soon removed. A great deal of harm has been done by the use of heavy, inactive creams, which clog the pores and prevent the skin from breathing freely. Drying preparations, such as harsh soaps, or many crude and inactive preparations, have proved even more of a menace to beauty, as these destroy the skin's powers of resistance by checking the natural humidity, which is a great complexion preservative. Even the oily skin should never be dried. It needs refining, which is an altogether different thing, as this means simply to reduce the size of the pores and control their action, but not to prevent or take away the secretions upon which the skin feeds.

Miss Lily Brayton, with her typical English complexion, living in the English climate, must have a beauty regime dissimilar to the American actress

But it is almost impossible to generalize or tell any woman exactly what to do, unless you know her type of skin and have an understanding, too, of its specially individual characteristics. The skin may need toning up or toning down, whitening or giving color, refining or building up, rejuvenating, invigorating—and a hundred other things, but the point I want to emphasize is that this can be accomplished only if the skin is considered and treated as something unique and not universal. There is no "general skin." Each complexion is a trifle different from every other. It is the understanding of these subtle differences that makes the culture of beauty a science.

Undoubtedly the time will come when women will realize that every preparation they use—simple things, even, such as soap and cleansing cream, rouge or powder—can be adapted to the personal needs of the skin, and make-up will then become beauty-building as well as beautifying.

I wish I could gather together at one time all the wonderful actresses who have been and are under my care. It would be a historic gathering from the point of view of the drama.

Featuring Speed Combined With Grace

And Showing Cars That Are Made in This Country and Abroad

(Above)

A five-passenger Fiat Sedan affectionately termed the "Baby Fiat." It is one of the most remarkable high-grade small cars produced being capable of a high speed, yet very economical and easy of operation. As witness of the fact that high speed small motors can be fast the French Grand Prix was won on July 15th by a Fiat car

Here is Gloria Swanson, who has just completed a Paramount picture called "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew," with her new all-weather car. It has a custom built body, extra large trunk rack, steel wheels, and a novel rear mud guard extending to the end of the spring

An imported four-seater light touring car, that of the English Sunbeam Company, whose 6-cylinder engine gives it great power, especially where hilly or difficult country is to be negotiated. A long wheel base, neat low-hung body, high running board, and many other features, all go to make up a car of distinct and original character

The long graceful lines of this Studebaker Big-Six Speedster are accentuated by the disc wheels, the traveling trunk and the bumpers front and rear. The tilt of the front seat and an upholstered arm-rest dividing the rear seat provides a new degree of riding comfort, and the body finished in Studebaker blue with touches of gold gives an air of exclusiveness

Artistic Interiors From the New York Residence of Martin Beck

When not engaged in directing the affairs of the Orpheum Circuit, Martin Beck's favorite diversion is the gentle art of interior decorating. Their home bears witness that both Mr. Beck and his wife are amateur decorators of no mean ability

(Above)

The dining room was purchased by Mr. Beck at the Tolentino sale of 1920 and transported from the Chateau de Rosny, only the polychrome ceilings having been made in this country

(Below)

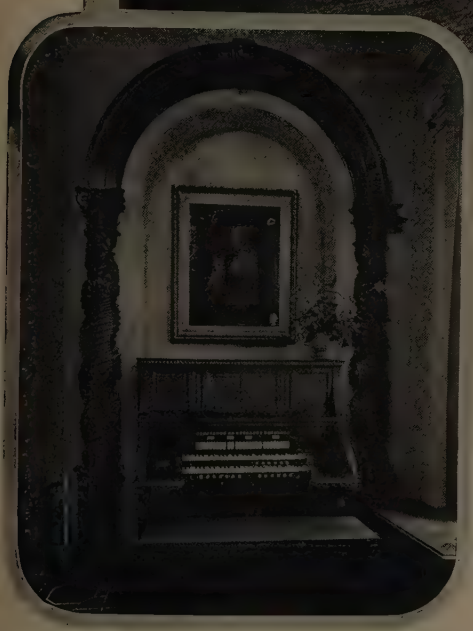
The living room is enriched with a famous Renaissance tapestry depicting the Siege of Troy (shown in detail below)

One of the novelties of the house is a combination living room and dining room separated only by a balustrade and marble stairway giving access to the dining room which is raised two feet above the living room

(Right)
An interesting note in the third floor library is the combination of rough stucco walls and oaken beams which support the bookshelves and form a recess for the fireplace, making a frame, as it were, for the entire room

(Below)
Simplicity and richness of appointment mark the entrance hall to this well thought out home which has a completely equipped gymnasium installed on the fourth floor, and on every floor, a special pantry and ice box service

Photos John Wallace Gillies



(Left)
What more fitting setting for a Welte Mignon Organ than the framed niche which was evidently built into the living room for the organ—an arrangement so devotional in its aspect as to reveal plainly Mr. Beck's appreciation of that superb instrument

The Promenades of Angelina

She Goes With Tubby to the Newly Arrived Wiener Werkstaette on Fifth Avenue

In a small passageway at the Wiener Werkstaette are niches, each one enshrining a small work of art, a silver and enamel clock, a bracelet with green crystals, a hand-wrought brass box

WHAT a help Tubby is to me, to be sure! Between us, I don't think we lose a trick around town. . If there *is* anything we have missed, as they say, I beg its pardon. . At any rate, it doesn't happen to be the Wiener Werkstaette, for which I'm truly thankful. .

What is the Wiener Werkstaette? That's what I'm coming to . . that's what my story is all about. .

Tubby came to me with this find. . He'd been on one of his usual parties somewhere or other, and someone was raving about having been to a "varnishing day" . . and, said he, that sounds as if it should be something for Angelina. . Anyway it's as good an excuse as another to take her out to lunch. . We'll go to Voisin's where they have such delicious cold dishes for hot summer days, and then we'll hunt up the Wiener Werkstaette after. .

We did as programmed by Tubby. . Lunch at V's . . and then across to Fifth, and down to the corner of Forty-seventh, and up one flight in the elevator.

And Oh, what an enchanting place! Josef Urban is listed as President and Mrs. Anne Moore, his sister-in-law, as the business manager, but really it's her "pidgeon," I think. .

The original Wiener Werkstaette . . in case you don't know . . was started years and years ago in Vienna among a group of young architects. . We plan our houses according to modern artistic ideals, they fretted among themselves, and then the whole scheme is spoiled, because with the best will in the world, there are no modern artistic things with which the inhabitants may furnish them. . So they, the architects, set to work to design these furnishings themselves . . . and to gather round them young artists with ideas . . and to hunt up skilled artisans and peasants who could execute their ideas through the beautiful old hand methods. . They designed silver and pottery . . and hangings . . and wall-papers . . and lace . . expressing their imaginations in amusing and novel ways. . I can remember numbers of "The Studio" coming to the house when I was quite young . . and how fascinated I was with the pictures of the exhibitions at the Wiener Werkstaette. . The modern art still seemed strange to America even then. .

Then came the war, with disastrous results to Viennese art, and leaving the artists of the Wiener Werkstaette stranded . . and then came along Mr. Urban and Mrs. Moore with their scheme for starting a branch of the movement here in New York, and affording an outlet for it.

As I said above, what an enchantment the place is! The charm of novelty, as well as beauty, about everything. . A fairy tale quality that gets you. . Just how to convey it. . Let me try, at least, by telling you about one or two "high spots" over which Tubby and I were particularly ecstatic. .

In the small circular room that you first enter as you go in were two delightful creatures, each on her own pedestal, that took Tubby's fancy as much as anything in the whole collection . . two dancing girls of the East . . made of hammered silver and about a foot high . . with baroque pearls and other semi-precious stones set as embellishment in the silver. . You can't imagine anything more engaging as ornaments for a room than these glowing silver figurines, or, used in connection with flowers, as a table decoration. . I thrilled so over their siren charm that I have every hope that Tubby already knows what he is going to give me for my next birthday. . . Around the wall of this same first room were copies of some most extraordinarily interesting paintings by a Viennese artist, Gustave Klimt. . Though his pictures hang in every European gallery, people know little about him over here. . . In the short passageway leading to the rear room are amusing cupboards built into the walls and in each some small treasure. . a square clock of turquoise blue enamel and silver . . . a bracelet for the white wrists of "beautiful women," of links of silver and green crystals, each link of an individual pattern. . Well, if Tubby should prefer to give me that. . .

A chair designed by Josef Urban that combines a maximum of decoration and comfort. The wood is gilded and the cushions which have the magic of both holding you up and letting you sink down are in striped red and white silk

Mrs. Josef Urban was the inspiration that led Josef Urban to design this tray-stand. The body of it is wood in black and silver, a silver top, fitting into a groove, that can be used as a service tray, and on which hot cups or iced glasses can be stood, thus preserving one's best mahogany

The Viennese artists work a great deal in brass . . and they treat it as respectfully as if it were silver or gold. . There are adorable little hand-wrought boxes for stamps, for sweets, for jewelry . . . brass with enamel . . . stunning hammered brass bowls for flowers. . In order that one may see how well all the flower receptacles are designed for their purpose, graceful sprays of real roses and other blossoms are placed in them here and there around the rooms.

In the front room I went into ecstasies over a silver tea-set. . By a young man, named Peché, said Mrs. Moore. . So graceful, yet so solid and so delightfully practical . . with ivory handles to each piece, and carved ivory knobs to the sugar

(*Continued on page* 188)

Daniel Webster's Hat

ONE of Daniel Webster's famous retorts was to a young man when their hats got mixed.

"Why, Mr. Webster," said he, "our heads are just the same size."

"On the *outside*, perhaps," replied Webster.

If there had been 10,000,000 automobiles in Webster's day this might have hit off the feeling about tires as well.

* * *

To understand the tire situation today, go back to 1918, 1919 and 1920, when tire makers were jumping to catch up with the demand. In 1921 they more than caught up.

And in 1922, every car-owner knows where he can get plenty of tires with plenty of big discounts. Plenty of bargains with ingenious sales-arguments.

A vast quantity of merchandise he knows little or nothing about.

* * *

The quantity problem is *history*.

It is all this quantity of tires—and their wide variance in value that is making most car-owners *determined* to get *quality*.

Hundreds of thousands of car-owners rode on Royal Cords last year.

The unobserving man might say that this was reaching the limit of the quality idea.

Yet, in January, February, March, April and May, 1922, the sales of U. S. Royal Cords through dealers more than doubled over the same period of 1921. A new high record for Royal Cords.

Spontaneous buying through dealers.

A picture of the public voluntarily making U. S. Royal Cords the measure of *all* automobile tires.

* * *

You have, perhaps, overheard some other tire being sold for "as good as a Royal."

At a time like this remember what Daniel Webster said.

Current prices on United States Passenger Car Tires and Tubes are not subject to Federal Excise Tax, the tax having been included.

United States Tires are Good Tires

Copyright 1922 U. S. Tire Co.

U. S. Royal Cord Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three Factories — *The Oldest and Largest Rubber Organization in the World* — *Two hundred and thirty-five Branches*

MISS WINIFRED KIMBALL who won first prize of $10,000 in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest.

$10,000 reward for a Palmer student's imagination

THE first prize of $10,000 in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest was awarded to Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida. It is the biggest prize ever offered for a scenario.

The contest was open to everybody. Nearly 30,000 entered, many professional scenarists competing. Miss Kimball, an amateur heretofore unknown to the screen, wrote "Broken Chains," the scenario adjudged best.

Miss Kimball is an enthusiastic student of the Palmer Course and Service. Of the Palmer Plan she writes:

> "There is something unique in the kindly interest that the Palmer institution evinces toward its students. I feel that much of my success is due to its practical instructions. I have advantaged greatly from the fundamental wisdom of its criticisms and teachings."

A second prize of $1,000 was won by Mrs. Anna Mezquida, of San Francisco, also a Palmer student. Seven other students of the Palmer Plan won $500 prizes.

Until the Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered and developed their gifts in its nation-wide search for screen imagination, these prize winners were unknown to the motion picture industry.

That search goes on and on. Through a questionnaire test, which reveals creative imagination if it exists, more hidden talent will yet be uncovered. The test is offered free to you in this page.

* * *

This is the kind of story that needs little elaboration. The awards speak for themselves. The Chicago Daily News put its great influence and resources behind the motion picture industry, which desperately needs fresh imagination for scenarios. Thirty-one cash prizes amounting to $30,000 were offered. Thirty-thousand professional and amateur writers competed. Their manuscripts were identified to the judges not by author's name, but by number.

The judges—among whom were David Wark Griffith, the famous producer, Samuel Goldwyn, whose studios will produce the first prize scenario, Norma Talmadge and Charles Chaplin, screen stars, and Rupert Hughes, celebrated author and scenarist—selected "Broken Chains" as the best of the 30,000 scenarios entered.

To a Southern girl, who lives in a little village of 3,000 population, that selection meant a check for $10,000, and a career.

To the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the incident is just one more gratifying record of a Palmer student's brilliant success.

A public that makes its own scenarios

In its issue of April 1, announcing the prize winners, the Daily News quoted the judges as agreeing that—

> *"—it proves beyond all doubt that the American public can supply its own art industry, 'the movies,' with plenty of impressive plots drawn from real life."*

That is the message which the Palmer Photoplay Corporation emphasizes in its nation-wide search for creative imagination. As the accredited agent of the motion picture industry for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on, the Palmer organization seeks to enlist the country's Imagination for the fascinating and well paid profession of scenario writing. Here, in the inspiring story told on this page, is proof that Imagination exists in unexpected places; evidence that it can be inspired to produce, and trained in the screen technique, by the Palmer Home Course and Service in photoplay writing.

A free test of your imagination

Imagination is the indispensable gift of the scenarist. It exists in men and women who never suspect its presence. The problem of the motion picture industry is to discover it, and train it to serve the screen.

By a remarkable questionnaire, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is enabled to test the imaginative faculties of any person who will send for it and answer its questions. The test is free. The results of careful analysis by our Examining Board will be given you. We shall be frank. If your questionnaire indicates that you do not possess the gifts required for screen writing, we shall advise you to think no more of writing for the screen. But if you have those gifts we shall accept you, should you so elect, for enrollment in the Palmer Course and Service.

The opportunity is immense, the rewards are limitless. Will you take this free confidential test in your own home, and determine whether it is worth your while to try for the big things—as Miss Kimball did?

The questionnaire will be sent to you promptly and without obligation, if you clip the coupon below. Do it now, before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corp.
Dept. of Education
124 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

Name _____
Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address _____

T. 9

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AMSTERDAM DOES SOMETHING NEW

(*Continued from page* 164)

colorful ones on either side. England, for instance, although not fully represented, sent much of the work of Albert Rutherston, C. Lovat Fraser, Norman Wilkinson, Paul Nash, Alfred Wolmark, Charles Ricketts, Norman Macdermott, Edmond Dulac and Paul Shelving, the last-named the remarkable young scenic artist of the Birmingham Repertory theatre. In all 101 workers contributed to the exhibition.

Among this enormous grouping of drawings and models, I found greatest interest in ten scenic designs for "Macbeth" by Knut Strom and Rochus Gliese. In coloring and in stage composition they provided a far better key to "Macbeth" than that ill-fated attempt of Robert Edmond Jones in which Lionel Barrymore appeared two seasons ago. And Oskar Strnad of Vienna has designed a curious and ingenious plan for a theatre with a circular auditorium. The stage would run half way round this room and the seats of the spectators would be raised above the level of the stage floor. Strnad believes an actor dispels illusion when an audience sees him enter from or disappear by means of the stage wings. He would illumine one portion of his stage at a time, then another part, still a third or fourth, or throw open the entire stage for a spectacle, if necessary. These portions would be separated by pylons, which, themselves, would be hollow, with inner stairways, windows and platforms enabling the actor to speak at different levels. It is at least a new idea in theatre construction.

In the library assembled in a separate room the United States came off much better, with books by Brander Matthews, David Belasco, Arthur Hornblow, E. A. Boyd, Sheldon Cheney, Barrett Clark, I. McClintock, Kenneth Macgowan, Percy Mackaye, Constance Mackaye, H. K. Moderwell, George Jean Nathan, Irving Pichel, Oliver M. Sayler, Theatre Magazine and the Theatre Arts Magazine. The catalogue which was issued in connection with this library, was a valuable review of the work of the contemporary theatre.

The Staatschowburg, the municipal theatre of Amsterdam, is in every sense a repertory theatre. The players appear in the same rôles not more than a dozen times a season. The bill is changed nightly; once a week opera is offered with an orchestra of fifty musicians. Prices are amazingly low. There are "popular" nights and "people's" nights. At the latter the best seats may be obtained for 90 cents in Dutch money, about 35 cents in our currency. A permanent company of 50 actors is maintained. Everything is distinctly utilitarian, even Queen Wilhelmina's box in the centre of the balcony being frugally appointed in contrast to the splendors of the royal boxes in the Italian theatres.

The key to any playhouse lies in its stage equipment. The auditoriu ways blazes with lights and C in bas-relief sprawl in every c The stage may be a dreary plac American theatre built in a m western city last year has a han auditorium and a stage so tin it is shaped like a quarter of The architect performed the honored feat of forgetting the ing-rooms until a discerning so minded him of his omission. H visited the Staatschowburg he have found two tiers of long dre rooms, decorated in bright colors mirrors, an indirect lighting for the best view of a "makeup glass doors at one end of the giving on to a long balcony which is a canal—thus affordi actor a chance to end it all if h to make good. Many an Am star would desire the luxurious ters of the average Dutch actor. iam Royaard's own room is dou size of the others, furnished handsome chairs and tables an vides a comfortable place betwe acts. In addition the members company have a large gree with couches and chairs of Even the members of the ensem housed comfortably in a large that American choruses well envy.

The stage is extraordinarily having a playing space of 18 meters. At either side are roo storing scenery, the sets being in special ateliers away from th tre. The lighting is mostly above with one row of lamps the top of the proscenium arc eral rows of borders and a se projectors from the top gallery. lights in movable stands ar used. The cyclorama is of blu vas, not of plaster.

"We have too little room, Manager Nolta, who was con me through the theatre. He right. Yet I wondered how theatres in the United States ha complete equipment. And bel stage are three levels for tra storing mechanical devices, thousand and one things forgo the average theatre. "Enoug here for three Metropolitan houses," was the comment of m panion.

In the evening I witnessed Mid-Zomernachtdroom," as summer Night's Dream," beco translation. Shakespeare in D might have feared to see it h William Poel, the noted Shakes scholar, advised me in Londo to Amsterdam," he said. "In you will find the best act Europe."

Advice was excellent. While not echo his opinion as to the I found a performance of s and of serious intent. Begin 7:30 in the evening, the pla

(*Concluded on page* 184)

Is there any other material that inspires such smart frocks and charming decorative arrangements as silk?

CHENEY BROTHERS
Fourth Avenue at Eighteenth Street, New York

CHENEY SILKS

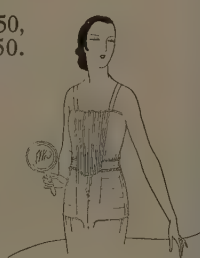
Cheney Dress Silks, Velvets, Ribbons, Decorative and Upholstery Silks, Cravats and Men's Socks are obtainable at stores with a reputation for fine merchandise.

Warner's
WRAP-AROUND

NOT A TRACE OF LACING has the Warner's Wrap-around—just narrow sections of firm elastic alternating with brocade that stretch enough to let you "wrap it and snap it" on. And when on, the Warner's Wrap-around is part of yourself—not a line showing through the gown. It does not stretch into looseness as does a solid rubber corset. It holds you just as much as you want to be held—and no more. It's a feather-weight, and you're free in it.

Prices:

$1.50, $2.00, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and $7.50.



THE BANDEAU *shown in the illustration at right is a type designed for wear with this model of Warner's Wrap-around. Its long back and front panels stay down securely over the low top of the Wrap-around. Prices: $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $5.00.*

THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN

(*Concluded from page* 149)

an all-star cast. Jobyna Howland will be seen shortly in "Greatness," a play written especially for her by Zoe Akins and another Frohman offering will be "Casenova," a colorful drama translated from the Spanish of Lorenzo Azertis.

ELSIE FERGUSON'S RETURN

MARC KLAW will present Miss Elsie Ferguson in a play which seems likely to give that very popular star a renewed vogue on Broadway. For Miss Ferguson's return to the management under which she scored her greatest successes, Mr. Klaw has secured the American rights to "The Wheel," which has been a reigning London success with Phyllis Neilson Terry and Philip Merivale in the leading rôles. Since the English title of the play was used in America by Winchell Smith in quite a different play, Mr. Klaw will probably call his production "The Wheel of Life," since the idea of the play is the Buddhist belief that we are all bound to the Wheel of Things, which whirls us into our own at last. In this play, which is by James Fagin, Mr. Klaw believes Miss Ferguson will be fitted with a character that will prove even more attractive to her admirers than her unforgettable rôle in "Outcast." After having launched Miss Ferguson in the new play, Mr. Klaw will probably announce an engaging novelty, now under consideration, but not yet ready for positive heralding. Henry W. Savage and Florenz Ziegfeld are still lingering in Paris at this writing, and their plans must wait their return for announcement. Needless to say there will be further Follies, and a road season for Marilyn Miller and for Billie Burke, and a possible production of Franz Lehar's long-awaited "Blue Mazourka," by Mr. Savage.

HENRY MILLER will make a ber of new productions. on which will enlist the services of self and his brilliant co-star, Bla Bates, while Ruth Chatterton ha ready tried out on the Coast Tendresse," a play by Bataille, ad by herself, in which she will renewed favor on Broadway lat the season.

FORTY-TWO SCENE THRILLE

THE Selwyns are offering a pro rich in promise and spar with varied and novel offerings. the first time this intrepid firm, will enter the field of spectacle, presenting as their venture the Berlin sensation hard-Bernauer melodrama "The terious Affair of Kreisler." It is that the German title will be tailed, but Mr. Edgar Selwyn pl his managerial honor that there be no diminution of the thrills tained in the mechanical effects forty-two scenes through which story of thrills and mysteries with all possible pageantry.

In this play, Frank Reicher newly acquired stage director Selwyn firm, will make a bi recognition as a master of effe terror in the field occupied b Reinhardts and Belasco. Jane will be presented this month in play and Channing Pollock's opus "The Fool" will bring Ri Bennett to the fore as a Selwyn Plays by A. A. Milne and Cle Dane and Louis N. Parker's ad tion of Maurice Magre "Harle A new play by Martin Brown present Alan Dinehart in the rôle and new plays for Florence and Mme. Olga Petrova will al gage the activities of the firm in the season.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS"

(*Concluded from page* 160)

will always be looking for *her.* * * *

ROYCE: I shall find her.

ISOBEL: No, it's too late now.

ROYCE: (*Confidently.*) I shall find her. * * Perhaps it will be on a day in April, when the primroses are out. Then, a child again, she will laugh for joy of the clean, blue morning, and I shall find her. And when I have found her I shall say—* * Thank you are so like your mother, w love.

ISOBEL: No, no, it can't be true

ROYCE: It is true. (*Holding o hands.*) I want you, not her. *puts out her hands to him. He them and kisses them.*)

CURTAIN

Deauville Beach

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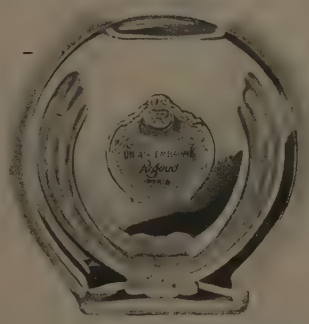

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Un Air Embaumé

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The Silhouette for the coming season—what form will it take? The variations in length, in sleeve and in body line which Paris decrees for the Fur Wrap are ever so slight—but ever so significant. Guided by the dictates of fashion, Gunther has created many models—each enhanced by a charming originality.

Gunther

Fifth Avenue at 36th Street

NEW YORK

Furriers for More Than a Century

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLA

(*Continued from page* 151)

and general treatment suggests the curtain lowerers at the Grand Guignol, written by the same Lait who conceived "Lilies of the Field" and played by the same Suratt. So does "Spice of 1922" go. Good, bad and indifferent—with the good so good as to hold and please at times hugely.

Adele Rowland contributes what might be called a "refreshing note" to a show that for blueness and undressedness breaks several records. She is wholly delightful in "On a Little Side Street in Paree," singing a song of the popular variety staged skillfully in such a way as to give the number more *verve* than it might ordinarily be expected to achieve. James Watts, a burlesque female impersonator, is enormously funny in a travesty on "Tosca," and Jimmy Hussey, an addition to the apparently limitless supply of Jewish comedians, is an unusually entertaining clown. In fact, it occurs to me that the thing which makes Mr. Lait's show stand out a bit is the fact that it possesses a few hearty laughs—even guffaws of the unashamed variety—and that's enough in these days of lots for eye but little for the ear to be crea of some appreciation.

Strut Miss Lizzie

Produced at the Times Sq Theatre, June 19th, with the follow cast:

Georgette Harve, Lake Sisters, J a Moore, Alice Brown, Charles Freder Hamtree Harrington, Grace Rector, Green, Bud Halliday, Joe Henderson, J Barrett, Eddie Fields, Willie Tyler, Jordan, Elberta Jones, Carrie Edwards Ethel Taylor.

ANOTHER show by negro en tainers, inspired obviously by enormous success of the "Sh Along" entertainment that has over a year at the 63rd Street M Hall. There is always plenty of and rag-time and spirit in these da shows and although at no point "Shuffle Along" standards reac there is still enough in "Strut M Lizzie" to keep one's face smi and one's feet tapping.

DUSE BREAKS HER SILENCE

(*Continued from page* 137)

suddenly lighted with a smile.

For there is an intangible air of *tristesse* that cannot be dispelled when looking at Duse. This hush of sorrow, seemed to me to be reflected in the quiet of the rooms, the subdued character of her two attendants. Everything suggested the recognition of the tragic spirit which hangs over the great artist.

As we talked, a soft voiced companion who speaks French and English as well as Italian, entered. Her murmured words were answered by a negative motion of Duse's head.

No one, indeed, is guarded more thoroughly from intrusion than Eleanora Duse. Hotels have orders that she is not to be disturbed under any circumstances. In between engagements, for unlike the American system of solid booking, she plays when she feels like it, she retires to some quiet place to rest.

I mentioned how thoroughly I had canvassed Italy to locate her after her Trieste engagement.

"I enjoy solitude" she said, smiling.

"But when you come to America you will be less retiring, won't yo I questioned.

"It seems as though I would h to," she replied. "You see I k America of old but not post- America. But I will be glad to to 'step lively' as you say—if I can

She smiled, with a trace of am ment at the thought.

The interview was over and extended a hand over which p and artists may well enthuse.

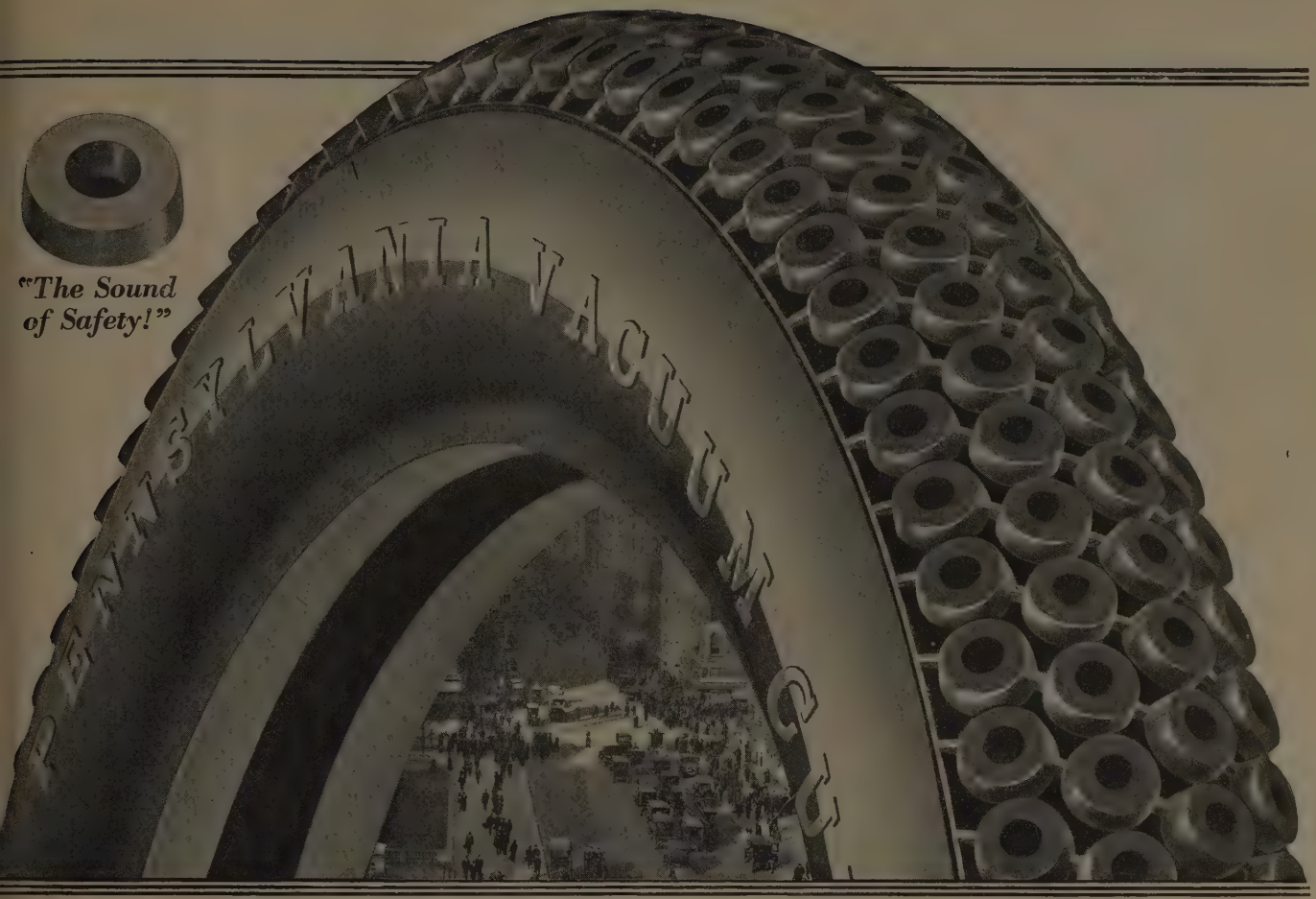
"*A rivederci*——" she began.

"In America" I concluded.

She paused, an impressive figur the flowing blue robes, lighted at throat by white lace. Her sad smiled.

"I must see those young actress what beautiful phenomena Ame offers—" she said.

A lovely appreciation of youth thought, as I said *arivederla* to great artist who, with the memo of her own incomparable ca stands eagerly watching, with ge ous enthusiasm, the promises y offers the Art of tomorrow.



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The deep-purring "Sound of Safety" of the Vacuum Cup Tread means the cups are exercising their famous *grip-hold-letgo* principle of suction on wet, slippery pavements, generating *safety* every inch of the way.

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THE ACTOR-PROOF PLAY

(*Continued from page* 142)

"dear old Joe Jefferson," but as he was just as dear and nearly as old when he failed to please in his own faulty version, I think some belated acknowledgment is due to the memory of "dear old Dion Boucicault."

Despite my respect for the skill of the playwright who devises scenes that delude the average play-goer, and my admiration for the craft and cunning of the manager who, with the aid of his hand-maiden, the press-agent, "puts them across"—to quote from the lexicon of Broadway—I resent the whole scheme of deception. Not only does it fool a credulous public and an equally credulous press but it creates false standards of acting, gives undue prominence to players who have not fairly earned it and obscures in merciless fashion the talents of others. But to the star whom a manager is trying to make famous by artificial means such a scene is a source of nightly joy for, skillfully handled, it seldom fails to yield a generous harvest of undeserved newspaper puffery. It lends itself, moreover, to the development of the tricks of acting, such as keeping the rest of the company below the key in order to heighten the effect of the "great moment" in which the player's voice is to be lifted to its limit. I have ev known an actress to play the prece ing scenes with lassitude in order, her press agent had the effrontery declare, to "save herself for her gre moment."

To realize the absurdity of t method of interpreting real life have only to imagine a young wom yawning through a pleasant afterno so as to save herself for the expect moment when someone will come and tell her that her sweetheart h eloped with another girl.

The young and inexperienced cri is as much impressed by the scene a the applause that follows as the ve est layman and accords to it the hea praise of his naive pen. These en miums are reprinted in the advertisi matter and as his name is reprint with them he is, to a certain exte committed to the star's support.

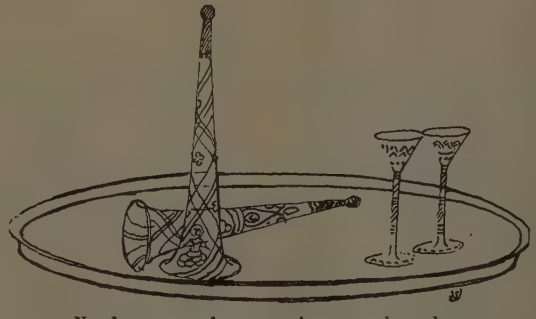
More than once of late this cra method of "grooming" a young wom for stellar honors has been employ with the result that she came to pend on an actor-proof scene as addict depends on drugs. That play-going public is seldom deceiv by such tricks is indicated by the f that few of those subjected to the pr ess last beyond their second season

THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(*Continued from page* 180)

bowl and the teapot lid, whose hinge —a further touch of practicality—was placed at the side instead of the usual back. Peché's fancy, it seems, is at home in any medium. . On the table beside the tea-set was a "trick" of his designing . . a small animal of gay silks . . of a fauna never seen on land or sea, but ensnaring withal. . On the wall above were wonderful laces, also by him. .

Another name one should know in connection with the Wiener Werkstaette is that of Josef Hofmann. Rather strange there should be t such well-known artists of the sa name, not so? . . This Josef H mann is probably the most signific personality in the "young Vien group . . "He is the one," says M Moore, "from whom comes most the artistic inspiration, as well most of the organizing." I remem particularly his tall silver vases flowers . . and some delicious d porcelain bowls in gay colors.



Novel to most of us over here are these deep goblets painted with small figures and called "X-glasses." Being without a base on which to stand necessitates that their contents be drained at a single draught. For a shorter quaff there are other glasses also decorated in a similar manner with gay paints

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THEO KARLE
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UNIVERSAL has been the approbation of Theo Karle's exceptional voice—it is characterized by such rare power and delicacy of tone that he has been termed by noted critics one of the greatest American tenors of the day. In common with the present tendency among artists, he records exclusively for Brunswick.

Brunswick Records Play On Any Phonograph

The Serious Side of Sunburn

lies in the fact that if it is not corrected, it harms the skin for ever! Freckles and tan are not becoming, and it is conceded that a dark brown "V" seldom makes you "the belle of the ball," but annoying as these things may be, they are only visible signs of much graver evils.

The real danger of sunburn is that it ages you!

Once the sun is allowed to dry away the skin's sapfulness—Nature's preservative—your face is left weatherbeaten, harsh, ready to crack into a network of fine lines at the first chill breath of wind. If you are young, it is difficult to realize this—if you are not, it is distressing—but it is true!

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The famous Beauty Specialist of London, Paris and New York, and envied confessor of the world's most beautiful women, can free you from all traces of summer's blight, and restore your skin.

Tan *Sunburn* *Freckles*
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Restores elasticity to the skin. Banishes sallowness, tan and freckles. Gives long life to a fresh complexion and rejuvenates fading skin. **$1.25, $2.50.**

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Very efficient when the skin has become badly discolored. Excellent as a cleansing and massage cream, especially for oily, swarthy skins. **$1.10, $2.20.**

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Give marvelous results. Used for washing, this specialty dissolves blackheads. Closes enlarged pores, stimulates circulation. Clears the skin on neck, shoulders and arms. **$1.25, $2.50.**

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For dry sensitive skins. This soft exquisite powder has cream base. Protects the complexion and produces a charming effect. All shades. **$1.00, $2.50, $5.50.**

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For oily and normal skins. Exquisitely fine and pure with its beautiful new shades—Peaches and Cream and the three Sunburn tones—Light, French and Dark Ochre—from **$1.00** to **$5.50.**

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Are bewildering in their beautiful tints. *Crushed Rose Leaves* in *Raspberry, Brunette, Medium, Blond* and *Tangerine* for evening use. **$1.00, $2.00, $3.50.**

A Tiny Treatment

with a great deal of science

Once in every twenty-four hours, clear the skin, and stimulate it by using Valaze Beautifying Skinfood.

This nourishing, skin-toning cream compels the skin to act as Nature intends and thus helps every condition. Valaze Beautifying Skinfood whitens, removes freckles, tan or sun-burnt, weather-coarsened looks.

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood prevents and effaces lines, wrinkles, flabbiness or looseness of the skin by promoting renewal of skin cells. This marvelous preparation is essentially a beauty builder.

In the morning, cover your face, arms and all skin surface to be rectified with Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream. Without removing this purifying cleanser wash with lukewarm water, and Valaze Beauty Grains. This soothing specialty will enliven the skin, remove shine and blackheads, refine, diminish coarseness of the pores and animate the complexion. Each grain used means a grain of real lasting complexion beauty.

Valaze Beauty Treatments

Amid exquisitely refined surroundings at the Maison de Beaute Valaze at 46 West 57th Street, Lines, Wrinkles, Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Shiny Skin, Red Nose, Superfluous Hair, Double Chin, etc. are very quickly remedied and treated by methods the most advanced. Special "Skin Clearing" treatments given. Also Beauty Lessons and Beauty Treatments may be had at prices ranging from $3.50 upwards.

A copy of Mme. Rubinstein's booklet "Secrets of Beauty" will be sent upon request addressed to Dept. T.

Helena Rubinstein

Paris
126 Faubourg St. Honore

46 West 57th Street
NEW YORK CITY

London
24 G afton St. W.

Fabiano de Paris

Noted Young French Portraitist to Sketch America's Stage for Theatre Magazine

TO us long little else than a name, seen in vagrant copies of *Le Rire* or *La Vie Parisienne*, Fabien Fabiano is now in America with his crayons and brushes, prepared to repeat in this country the enormous vogue he has enjoyed in Europe. There are few theatres of the *chic* variety in Paris whose stages have not been decorated by the sly, gay patterns and designs that come lightly from the hand of the man who stands out as perhaps foremost in the field of what may be known as typical Parisienne art.

Americans who have found delight at the Theatre du Capucines or the Michel or the Ba-Ta-Clan have usually unknowingly been carried into their feeling of admiration for the *mise en scène* by the Fabiano *decors* and costumes. But of even more importance, perhaps, in the world of art are the exquisite and elegant portraits of lovely women that have been a principal part of his work and have gained for him the major part of his reputation. There is scarcely a Continental periodical of distinction and artistic value whose pages have not, during the past few years, been decorated by products signed F. Fabiano. In this country M. Fabiano will continue his portraits of women and *Theatre Magazine* will offer several to its readers, beginning with this issue. In the series to be so offered it is planned to include a number of popular stars whose personality is peculiarly suited to the piquant Fabiano style.

FABIEN FABIANO

The artist works equally well in pastel or in oil and it is possible that before long, in order to procure the full color value of his work, one or more of his portraits will be reproduced on our covers.

In Paris Fabiano has done portraits of such noted artistes as Spinelli, Edmée Favart and Jane Renouardt, and his work has appeared constantly in *Femina, Fantasio, Le Rire, La Vie Parisienne* and other smart European reviews. His American work, as well as many of his European products, will be exhibited before long in a noted Fifth Avenue gallery.

CAPTAIN POLLOCK

(*Continued from page* 154)

that lunacy. Inseparable in our consideration will be Mr. Pollock and Miss Clemence Dane's play, "A Bill of Divorcement."

They made a record among the best achievements of least season. Then, startlingly, came the news that the tall, lank man who had stirred our tears would produce a comedy and himself turn comedian. He produced successfully "A Pinch Hitter," himself playing a comedy rôle and giving his friend, Charles Waldron, long associated with lover rôles of lachrymose order kind, a fun creating character.

"You saw the play? You like it? I am glad. It was no definite ambition of mine to be an actor-manager. I read the little play and liked it. At all events one should vary his work. Don't you think so?"

He shifted one of his long legs over a jutting knee. "I love the circus part of the theatre," he was saying. "That comes down to me from Perth days, perhaps. I like the scene shifting, the rehearsals, the accidents, the profanity, the uncertainty. I don't come into the theatre saying that Mrs. Toplofty asked me to tea and I dropped in. That is rot. I haven't been having tea with Mrs. Toplofty. I've been shouting my lines at some unoffending wall, or talking about a play with some author in whose efforts I am as much interested as he is. I am a trooper. That's what I am. And all I am. And all I want to be.

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Sheridan

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AUTUMN has triumphed more brilliantly than ever before in the gorgeous gowns and lovely frocks of Sheridan.

The new silhouette finds itself delightful in this three piece suit of Brown Kasha Cloth, whose bodice (not shown) is of brocaded Metal Cloth. The smart trotteur jacket has a Mole-trimmed Militaire collar, caught with silver bells. All the new Fall Colorings.

GOWNS

Street *Afternoon* *Evening*

CAMBODGIEN BALLET IS PARISIAN SENSATION

FROM "Gargoyle" that excellent little magazine made by Americans in Paris we learn of the latest fad in Paris—the visit of the private ballet of the King of Cambodia (who has a geography!) to the city on the Seine. News of the sensation has filtered in but it remains for "Gargoyle" to present a comprehensible *critique* of what these unusual dancers do and how they do it.

Says "Gargoyle":

"The most significant event of the season at the Opéra was the visit of the Cambodgien Ballet, an event we owe to this year's Colonial Exposition at Marseilles. The dancers were accompanied by a group of players from the Annamite Theatre, and these latter preluded the Ballet numbers with an elaborate dance step and a pantomine scene interrupted at intervals by chanting. The costume colouring was full of brilliant contrasts, the accessories symbolic as well as decorative. The figures executed were full of repetitions introducing shades of difference; their stage alignment and grouping always a little asymmetrical to our eyes. The chanting was done in a high penetrating tone of extraordinary carrying power. The musical accompaniment consisted entirely of changing rhythms marked by drum and cymbals. The Cambodgien dancers opened their program with an imposing entrance upon an upper platform; costumes of jewels and gold and a row of gleaming banners. From this a group of maidens descended to perform the *Dance of Good Wishes*, carrying flowers of silver and gold. There followed a short duet scene in the manner of realistic pantomine representing the abduction of a tiny exquisite siren by the King of the White Monkeys with imitative costume and mask, and equally imitative dance steps. The complete ballet of the program concerned the story of a princess' dream, the prince with a magic wand who could fulfill her dream, their adventures and ultimate happiness. Much of the individual dancing was done in a sitting po upon a central divan. The entir tion was accompanied by an orch placed at one side of the stage consisting of two xylophones, a and some small drums, one of beaten entirely with the hands. combination of instruments prod the most glorius syncopated mu have ever heard: brilliant tin arrested melodies playing abov fundamental rhythmic pattern. A opposite side of the stage was choir, following the action with c parts sometimes reinforced b rhythmic beating of time, and i ducing solo parts to represent th pression of certain individuals i ballet. This solo singing in parti was of extraordinary timbre and licacy, following a system with smaller intervals than those o diatonic scale. The dancing o Cambodgien ballet girls is obvi surcharged with ritual, symbolic torical, and local meaning, only glimpses of which are visible t Their technique makes demands different from those of the occid dance. The knees are usually the feet turned back, the toes upw the trunk, arms, and hands, eve individual fingers are used with a ing skill and complexity of move The pantomine, as in the scen seduction, is a complicated desi exceeding subtlety, detached and ventionalized to the last degree faces remaining as passive as m The only element which breaks detachment is the sudden emissi curious small cries—a strange and which I do not know how to r cile with the age-long convention tion manifested by their action in eral. After this ballet the Cam giens and Annamites joined general closing spectacle: the g pinks, blues, and browns of the A mites with their banners fillin stage, and the gold and gems o Cambodgiens backing them on platform above. As spectacle music, as dancing, the whole per ance was unforgettable."

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Lucrezia Bori's English accent is her very own. Unless you have heard it, you can't guess how delightfully piquant it is. However, you may hear it on your Victrola for the first time during August, for her most recent record is her first in English. The song, appropriately enough, is one of Thomas Moore's—"*When Love Is Kind*"—dealing lightly with such a serious subject. Musically this record is a delicately chiselled cameo, leaping a light octave at the climax lik last flashing kick of a toe-dancer

The peace and fragrance of old-world garden are in a cha new record by Emilio De Gogor the August lists. "*I Know a l Garden*" is one of Mme. Guy D delot's simplest and finest, free false sentiment, and sung wit easy finish and human sympat the true artist.

The Nestlé LANOIL Wave

A New "Permanent" Without Borax, Paper Tubes, or Pads
Heat Reduced by about 75%

Hairdressers of New York Hold Mass Meeting, and Acclaim New Discovery

THE unceasing efforts of Mr. C. Nestlé, original inventor of permanent waving, have at last shown results. The Permanent Wave has become safe. Borax and great heat have been done away with. Permanent Waving has also become perfectly comfortable. But what is even more important—it now leaves the hair as it was before, except to impart to it the coveted natural curliness.

All this has been brought about by the discovery of a new hair-softening substance, gentler and more effective than the great heat and borax vapors, employed for permanent waving until now. The newly-discovered waving composition is called LANOIL No. 10. It is germicidal and non-poisonous. It acts on human hair as gently as water acts on paper. It just softens it, without attacking the structure in any way. It requires so little heat that some people simply won't believe that it can produce the results desired.

The best reproduction of naturally curly hair ever made

—Waved by the LANOIL process

ACTUAL HEATING TIME FOR THE *LANOIL* WAVE IS ONLY FOUR MINUTES

It is only when you explain to lay minds that a stone-hard piece of chalk can be immediately softened by a few drops of oil, without any heat at all, and can be made hard again without any heat whatever, that you can convince them of the possibilities of LANOIL. Chemists marvel at it. Ladies who have had the new LANOIL Wave are full of praise for it. Mothers take confidence again, and bring their children. New York has had more than twice the number of permanent LANOIL Waves this summer as it had any previous year. Men especially seem to take a fancy to the LANOIL Wave. Not for themselves, to be sure, but they like its soft, rich appearance on their women folks.

REFUSE IMITATIONS IN THE FORM OF SO-CALLED "OIL-WAVES"

No sooner had Mr. Nestlé announced the discovery of the LANOIL Process than the usual host of imitators immediately announced "Oil-waves" or waves by their various "Oil Methods."

Human hair cannot be waved by oil. Oil would first fry, and then burn the hair to cinders, before it could wave, not only because the heat of oil has no limit other than the heater applied (which is much too hot for human hair) but also because oil does not even soften the hair for this purpose. To arrive at the composition of LANOIL No. 10, large amounts of money and several years' experimental work were given to this vast subject, and this, not by a young beginner, but by the same man who discovered the original permanent waving principle, seventeen years ago.

BUT WHY *LANOIL* IF NOT AN OIL?

Because LANOIL means a whole process of permanent waving with a new principle. It means a series of things. We use LANOIL No. 10, which is neither an oil nor a fat, to soften the hair structure, and either LANOIL No. 11 or 12, which contain oil or fat, as a finishing compound, before the hair is actually cold. These fats are readily taken up by the hair structure, and give it much natural richness and gloss.

WHERE THE *LANOIL* WAVE MAY BE HAD

Most hairdressers who have the welfare of their patrons' hair at heart, and who are sufficiently acquainted with the new Nestlé discovery, have taken steps to introduce this process in their establishments, and over 250 hairdressers in the United States alone have actually done so.

We will send you a list of those in your vicinity, on request.

If you find none in your neighborhood, or within reaching distance, write for particulars of the Nestlé LANOIL Wave Home Outfit, price $15, which contains everything for a home-wave.

Nestlé LANOIL Co., Ltd., Dept. T, 12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City.

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CHAUTAUQUA SYSTEM TO BRING DRAMA INTO PROVINCES

PERHAPS one of the most unique opportunities for known and unknown dramatists to present to an audience not satiated by theatre-going is being made possible by the Swarthmore Chautauqua Association, of Swarthmore, Pa.

This group aims to reverse the method now prevalent of sending the Broadway success to "Main Street." Their intention is to present to the people of the small cities and towns the best work of American playwrights without first running the gauntlet of the commercial stage.

The combined Chautauqua forces of the country have invited the playwrights and authors of the United States to participate in a prize competition for the best comedy of American life. A board to select the winning piece has been named, consisting of:

WINTHROP AMES, New York theatrical director.

GEORGE P. BAKER, Professor of English and Dean of the School of Dramatic Art, at Harvard University.

THEODORE BALLOU HINCKLEY, Chicago editor of *The Drama*, official organ of the Dramatic League of America.

CHARLES F. HORNER, of Kansas City, Mo., director of the Redpath-Horner Chautauquas.

SAM HUME, of the University of California, Berkley, Cal., director of the Greek Theatre and of the Theatre Guild of San Francisco.

PAUL M. PEARSON, Swarthmore, Pa., President of the International Lyceum-Chautauqua Association.

GREGORY ZILBOORG, the Russian dramatist, and translator of "He Who Gets Slapped."

The Chautauqua leaders ask for typical American comedy, not to exceed more than two hours playing time, and provide for not more than ten characters. One-act plays may be submitted and accepted on a basis that may be mutually agreed upon. The intention is to produce these prize plays as star attractions on Chautauqua circuits throughout the country in 1923. The competition closes Dec. 1, 1922.

Fifty-one million admissions to Chautauqua were paid during 19 representing, it is estimated, 10,000; individual attendants. 9,000 tow and cities in the United States h regular Chautauqua seasons. former years the Chautauqua progra consisted chiefly of lectures musical talent features, but this s mer there are more than forty th trical companies on Chautauqua cuits offering to people in sma communities plays hitherto played in the largest cities. Some of well-known pieces at present appe ing on Chautauqua programs "Turn to the Right," "Frien Enemies," "It Pays to Adverti "Polly of the Circus," and "Noth But the Truth."

Mr. Paul M. Pearson, of Swa more, Pa., to whom manuscripts correspondence concerned with Chautauqua competition are to be dressed, says:

"We start with the general prop tion that Chautauqua is impor enough to have drama of its own, cause of the peculiarly distinc place it has achieved in the sch of American daily life. Chautau constituents are largely of a chu going element. The drama origina with the church. Until the time of puritan revolution it was domina by the church. Thence forward it came a commercial institution. is an endeavor to get the drama b to its pristine uses, possibilities power. We think Chautauqua, its direct contact with the plain p ple, is the natural—indeed the medium for effecting that purpose."

The author of each play appro by the Drama Board will receive $ The $300 is to cover the privileg rehearsing the play. Adapted p will not be accepted. Manuscr submitted must be the absolute p erty of the author and not subjec any coypright or other claim by other party. The author will rec a five per cent. royalty. It is g anteed that the royalty will not less than $3,000. The play rem the property of the author, but not be produced elsewhere than Chautauqua circuits until August, 1

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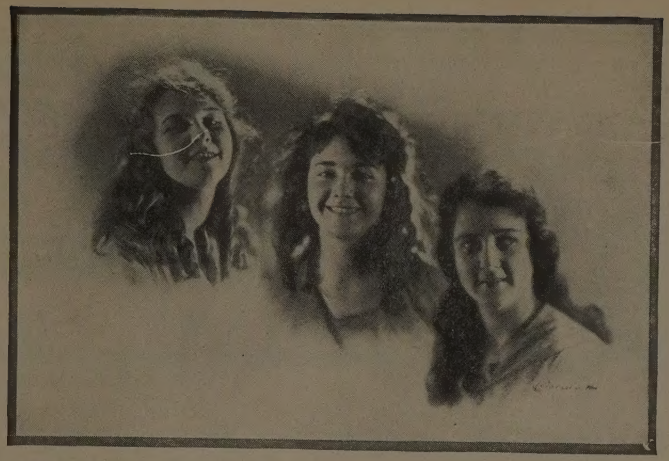

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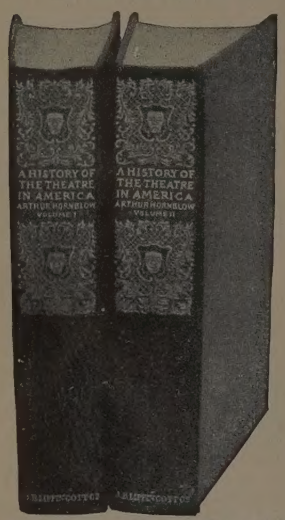

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Books

Especially those containing plays for reading or acting, or those concerned with play production

The Stewart Kidd Company have sent us of their new publications a volume of one-act plays by Mark O'Dea, called "Red Bud Women," and the first of their series of Little Theatre Plays, edited by Grace Adams, which happens to be "The Ghost Story," by Booth Tarkington, "A One-act Play for Persons of No Great Age."

It is announced "that these Little Theatre Plays are designed to meet two definite demands. The first, that of the many little theatres for plays of actual dramatic distinction and of artistic importance. The second . . that of the general public for plays of true literary value." Which is quite as it should be. "The price of the plays," it might be added, "has been made unusually low in the effort to bring them within the reach of everyone." And "each play is issued in a form that is entirely practical for purposes of production." Yet by no means merely acting versions, the books are artistic and attractive in appearance.

The series certainly starts off auspiciously with "The Ghost Story," and George, its hero, "an earnest young gentleman of 22" is another to be added to the Penrod-Seventeen-Clarence type that we have come to know and dote on. George is of that earnest but inarticulate class of young Americans, whose self-conscious, halting, repetitious conversation—if it may be dignified as such—Tarkington registers so deliciously. How true to life these youths, long on ideas . . perhaps . . but short on vocabulary! Any story or plot that Tarkington chooses to weave round their naive and solemn, but Oh-so-human personalities, we greet chuckling, with the emotion of recognition. We can imagine an amateur or professional company cutting wide swathe with "The Ghost Story." And "George" might be called actor-proof. But just reading the little play is fun.

Stewart Kidd report "Sounding Brass," by Edward Hale Bierstadt, and "A Fan and Two Candlesti by Mary MacMillan, as on the to be added to the Little Th Plays. Here's looking at them!

In "Red Bud Women," by O'Dea, we have a hitherto untou field—the field of what Pierre ing, in his interesting forewor the book refers to as "an Ame peasantry of a sort." Mr. O'Dea as his locale an imaginary small in Iowa, "Red Bud," and mak representative of any cornbelt vi of approximately the same size general living conditions. "Red says Mr. Loving, represents dull communities, desolate and and bare as a rain-washed wo fence," their monotony unrelieve any theatre, or moving picture h or amusement of whatever "irradiated by not so much as a c Chautauqua or "the garrulous frou of the culture or reading In the "Red Buds" of America American farm women live empty lives. This is, of cours new theme to us as far as the the short story, the magazine a is concerned. To say that "the i asylums are full of women who lived on farms" is as to say that Anne is dead. But the subject never been treated, so far a know, in a series of one-act Certainly it has never been do well. Mr. O'Dea has lived a the people about whom he write a number of years. He knows a large percentage of Ame women make up their dreary nun But he has seen beneath the su He has felt "an awakening dimly in the consciousness of these wo "Red Bud" therefore—we quote Loving again—not only portrays stark empty lives of American women," but also this awakening searching out after a "beauty have hitherto so poignantly mi Two or three of the plays should an extraordinarily interesting ing's program.

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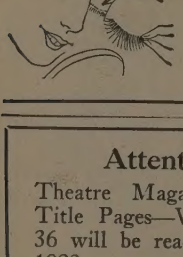

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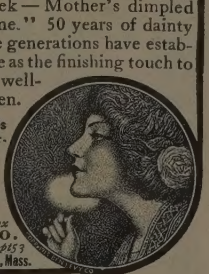

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Community Dramatic Activities

(Continued from page 172)

Community Service, Miss Genevieve Forsberg had entire charge of the work of organization.

As an educational and artistic demonstration the Towanda Pageant went far beyond the actual presentation as the various exhibits in the local store windows of historic garments, utensils, and old agricultural implements created a vast amount of interest and discussion, the looking up of historic records, books and places usually forgotten in the rush of the present day. The daily articles in Towanda's newspaper also served to arouse widespread interest and enthusiasm thru Bradford County and on the Pageant Day, helped bring in the crowds. The pageant written and prepared in two weeks, by Mrs. Hanley, was a historic review of Towanda. Commencing with the early Indian life, the first purchase of Towanda land, it passes on thru the Promotion or Pioneer stage to early settlement period and the development period, closing with the March of Progress. The prologue was given by Hon. A. C. Fanning.

Said Elizabeth Hanley: "The entire pageant was a demonstration of what a community can do for itself with very simple organization, slight effort and little direction. It was an exhibition in all lines of the talent, facilities and abilities of the Towanda people. It was an example of the force co-operation can be in community events."

Elizabeth H. Hanley has been working as dramatic leader throughout a number of Pennsylvania communities during the past season. In Georgia, the Carolinas, New York, and many other sections of the United States, Mrs. Hanley has done effective work. She is a Southern woman, a graduate of St. Vincent's Academy of Savannah, Ga. She has supplemented her school and college work by special post-graduate courses in New York, London and Paris with celebrated teachers of drama and stagecraft. Mrs. Hanley has written a number of stories, plays, pageants and special holiday celebrations, many of which are circulating today through Community Service in all parts of the country.

CAN anyone keep up with the Little Theatre movement? According to Susan Stubbs Glover, "The growth of the Little Theatre movement has been so rapid within the past several years and so active this season that in addition to its artistic value a theatrical commercial field has developed in the form of special Little Theatre departments in scenic studios both here and Chicago. There are between 300 and 400 Little Theatre groups, with New York having 50 or more and Chicago nearly as many. So widespread is the movement that it parallels the stock field in the possibilities of developing professional players of a better grade. In that the movement is probably more important professionally than the business opportunity."

For the past three or four years Mrs. Glover, who is an Alabama girl, was connected with the Drama League work in its extension of Little Theatre projects in many sections of the United States. This season she is making her headquarters in New York where she is in charge of the Little Theatre work of a well-known scenic studio, supplying directors when there is a call, properties, stage sets and sometimes players. Mrs. Glover has evolved a stage set adapted after a set designed by Gordon Craig. This is made along classic lines, constructed of folding screens which are collapsible and easy to shift. It is easily lighted and so planned that additions can be readily built to it. E. H. Sothern used the same type of setting last season. Though effective, its simplicity permits the transportation of settings for the entire Sothern and Marlowe repertory in about half the space necessary heretofore. Mrs. Glover's set is, of course, adapted for the Little Theatre in such places where neither time nor opportunity has been given the amateur players to create their own sets.

THE Harris Randall Drama Camp at Columbia Lake, Columbia, Conn., was opened this summer by May Pashley Harris, whose work in Community Service dramatics is so well known, and by Grace E. Randall.

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